

BELL'S EDITION,
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



DONNE VOLUME III.
To get acquaintance with him I began
to lost discourse

First Edition of this Work

Stedman del.

Grignon Sc.

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THE *Gal 11 2 a*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

DONNE! the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,
Who to thy one all other brains refuse;
Whose ev'ry work of thy most early wit
Came forth example, and remain so yet;
Longer a-knowing than most wits do live,
And which no'affection praise enough can give;
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and yet I would,
But leave because I cannot as I should.

BEN. JOHNSON.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

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DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S LONDON

IN THREE VOLUMES

WITH THE LIFE OF THE POET



VOL. II.

EDINBURGH

AT THE CLERK OF THE WORKS
—

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS
ELEGIES, FUNERAL ELEGIES, LETTERS, &c.

I will not draw the envy to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all our loss;
Those are too num'rous for an elegie,
And this too great to be express'd by me.
Tho' ev'ry pen should share a distinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph incise:
Here lies a king that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The universal monarchy of wit:
Here lie two flammens, and both those the best,
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest.

THO. CARY.

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VOL. III.



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ELEGIES.

ELEGIE I. JEALOUSIE.

FOND woman! which wouldst have thy husband die,
And yet complain't of his great Jealousie:
If swoln with poyson he lay in his last bed,
His body with a fere-cloth covered,
Drawing his breath as thick and short as can 5
The nimblest crocheting musician,
Ready with loathsome vomiting to spue
His soul out of one hell into a new,
Made deaf with his poor kindred's howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd tears great legacies, 10
Thou wouldst not weep, but jolly' and frolick be,
As a slave which to-morrow should be free;
Yet weep'st thou when thou seest him hungerly
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane Jealousy.
O! give him many thanks, he's courteous, 15
That in suspecting kindly warneth us:
We must not, as we us'd, flout openly
In scoffing riddles his deformity;
Nor, at his board together being fate
With words, nor touch, scarce looks adulterate: 20
Nor when he, swoln and pamper'd with high fare,
Sits down and snorts, cag'd in his basket-chair,

Must we usurp his own bed any more,
 Nor kiss and play in his house as before.
 Now do I see my danger, for it is 25
 His realm, his castle, and his diocese.
 But if (as envious men, which would revile
 Their prince, or coin his gold, themselves exile
 Into another country', and do it there)
 We play' in another's house, what should we fear?
 There will we scorn his household policies, 31
 His silly plots and pensionary spies;
 As the inhabitants of Thames' right side
 Do London's Mayor, or Germans the Pope's pride. 34

ELEGIE II. THE ANAGRAM.

MARRY and love thy Flavia, for she
 Hath all things whereby others beauteous be;
 For tho' her eyes be small her mouth is great;
 Tho' theirs be ivory, yet her teeth be jeat;
 Tho' they be dim, yet she is light enough. 5
 And tho' her harsh hair's foul, her skin is rough,
 What tho' her cheeks be yellow, her hair's red;
 Give her thine, and she hath a maidenhead.
 These things are beauty's elements; where these
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please. 10
 If red and white, and each good quality,
 Be in thy wench, ne'er ask where it doth lie.

In buying things perfum'd, we ask if there
Be musk and amber in it, but not where.
Tho' all her parts be not in th' usual place, 15
She' hath yet the Anagrams of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that lean dearth of words what could we say?
When by the gamut some musicians make
A perfect song, others will undertake, 20
By the same gamut chang'd, to equal it.
Things simply good can never be unfit;
She's fair as any, if all be like her;
And if none be, then she is singular.
All love is wonder: if we justly do 25
Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty soon as beauty dies:
Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like angels; the fair be
Like those which fell to worse; but such as she, 30
Like to good angels, nothing can impair:
'Tis less grief to be foul than to' have been fair.
For one night's revels filk and gold we chuse,
But in long journies cloth and leather use.
Beauty is barren oft'; best husbands say 35
There is best land where there is foulest way.
Oh! what a sovereign plaister will she be,
If thy past sins have taught thee jealousy!
Here needs no spies nor eunuchs, her commit
Safe to thy foes, yea, to a marmoset. 40

Like Belgia's cities, when the country drowns,
 That dirty foulness guards and arms the towns;
 So doth her face guard her; and so for thee
 Who, forc'd by bus'ness, absent oft' must be : 44
 She, whose face, like clouds, turns the day to night,
 Who, mightier than the sea, makes Moors seem
 white;

Whom, tho' seven years she in the stews had laid,
 A nunnery durst receive, and think a maid;
 And tho' in childbirth's labour she did lie,
 Midwives would swear 't were but a tympany; 50
 Whom, if she' accuse herself, I credit less
 Than witches, which impossibles confess.
 One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were;
 For things in fashion every man will wear. 54

ELEGIE III. CHANGE.

ALTHO' thy hand and faith, and good works too,
 Have seal'd thy love, which nothing should undoe,
 Yea, tho' thou fall back, that apostasie
 Confirms thy love; yet much, much I fear thee.
 Women are, like the arts, forc'd unto none, 5
 Open to' all searchers, unpriz'd if unknown.
 If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
 Another fowler, using those means as I,
 May catch the same bird; and, as these things be,
 Women are made for men, not him nor me. 10

Foxes, goats, and all beasts, change when they please,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild, than these,
Be bound to one man, and bid Nature then
Idly make them apter to' endure than men?

They 're our cloggs, not their own; if a man be 15
Chain'd to a gally, yet the gally's free.
Who hath a plow-land casts all his seed-corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn should bear.

'Tho' Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhine, Volga, and Po, 20
By Nature, which gave it this liberty.

'Thou lov'st, but, oh! canst thou love it and me?
Likeness glews love; and if that thou so do,
To make us like and love must I change too?

More than thy hate I hate it; rather let me 25
Allow her change, than change as oft' as she;

And so not teach, but force my' opinion
To love not any one nor every one.

To live in one land is captivity;
To run all countries a wild roguery. 30

Waters stink soon if in one place they' abide,
And in the vast sea are more purify'd:

But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,

Then are they purest. Change is the nursery
Of music, joy, life, and eternity. 36

ELEGIE IV. THE PERFUME.

ONCE, and but once, found in thy company,
 All thy supposed 'scapes are laid on me;
 And as a thief at bar is question'd there
 By all the men that have been robb'd that year,
 So am I (by this traiterous means surpriz'd)
 By thy hydroptique father catechiz'd.
 Tho' he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
 As tho' he came to kill a cockatrice;
 Tho' he hath oft' sworn that he would remove
 Thy beautie's beauty, and food of our love, 10
 Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen,
 Yet close and secret as our souls we've been.
 Tho' thy immortal mother, which doth lie
 Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
 Takes this advantage to sleep out day-light, 15
 And watch thy entries and returns all night;
 And when she takes thy hand, and would seem kind,
 Doth search what rings and armlets she can find;
 And, kissing, notes the colour of thy face, 19
 And, fearing lest thou'rt swoln, doth thee embrace;
 And, to try if thou long, doth name strange meats,
 And notes thy paleness, blushes, sighs, and sweats,
 And politiquely will to thee confess
 The sins of her own youth's rank lustiness;

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Yet love these forc'ries did remove, and move 25
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren which, like fairy sprights,
Oft' skipt into our chamber those sweet nights,
And, kifs'd and dandled on thy father's knee,
Were brib'd next day to tell what they did see; 30
The grim eight-foot high iron-bound serving-man,
That oft' names God in oaths, and only then,
He that, to bar the first gate, doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
Which, if in hell no other pains there were, 35
Makes me fear hell, because he must be there:
Tho' by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witness any touch or kifs.
But, oh! too common ill, I brought with me
That which betray'd me to mine enemy; 40
A loud Perfume, which at my entrance cry'd
Ev'n at thy father's nose, so were we spy'd.
When, like a tyrant king, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered; 44
Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought
That his own feet or breath the smell had wrought:
But as we in our isle imprisoned,
Where cattle only' and divers dogs are bred,
The precious unicorns strange monsters call,
So thought he sweet strange that had none at all. 50
I taught my silks their whistling to forbear,
Ev'n my oppress'd shooes dumb and speechless were;

Only thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
 Next me, me traiterously hast betray'd,
 And unsuspected hast invisibly 53
 At once fled unto him and stay'd with me.
 Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
 Sense from distinguishing the sick from sound;
 By thee the silly amorous sucks his death,
 By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath; 60
 By thee the greatest stain to man's estate
 Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
 Tho' you be much lov'd in the prince's hall,
 There things that seem exceed substantial. 64
 Gods, when ye fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
 Because you're burnt, not that they lik'd your smell.
 You're loathsome all, being ta'en simply alone;
 Shall we love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
 If you were good, your good doth soon decay,
 And you are rare that takes the good away. 70
 All my Perfumes I give most willingly
 T' embalm thy father's corse; what? will he dye? 72

ELEGIE V. HIS PICTURE.

HERE, take my Picture; tho' I bid farewell:
 Thine in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell;
 'Tis like me now, but, I dead, 't will be more,
 When we're shadows both, than 't was before.

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When weather-beaten I come back, my hand, 5
 Perhaps, with rude oars torn, or sun-beams tann'd;
 My face and breast of hair-cloth, and my head
 With care's harsh fuddain hoariness o'erspread;
 My body' a sack of bones, broken within,
 And powder's blue stains scatter'd on my skin; 10
 If rival fools tax thee t' have lov'd a man
 So foul and coarse as, oh! I may seem then,
 This shall say what I was; and thou shalt say,
 Do his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
 Or do they reach his judging mind, that he 15
 Should now love less what he did love to see?
 That which in him was fair and delicate,
 Was but the milk which in Love's childish state
 Did nurse it, who now is grown strong enough
 To feed on that which to weak tastes seems tough. 20

ELEGIE VI.

O! let me not serve so as those men serve
 Whom honour's smoaks at once flatter and starve:
 Poorly enricht with great men's words or looks,
 Nor so write my name in thy loving books,
 As those idolatrous flatterers, which still 5
 Their prince's stiles which many names fulfill,
 Whence they no tribute have, and bear no sway.
 Such services I offer as shall pay

Themselves; I hate dead names: oh! then let me
 Favourite in ordinary, or no favourite, be. 10
 When my soul was in her own body sheath'd,
 Nor yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd
 Into my purgatory, faithless thee,
 Thy heart seem'd wax, and steel thy constancy:
 So careless flowers, strow'd on the water's face, 15
 The curled whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,
 Yet drown them; so the taper's beamy eye,
 Amorously twinkling, beckons the giddy flie,
 Yet burns his wings; and such the devil is,
 Scarce visiting them who're entirely his. 20
 When I behold a stream, which from the spring
 Doth, with doubtful melodious murmuring,
 Or in a speechless slumber, calmly ride
 Her wedded channel's bosom, and there chide,
 And bend her brows, and swell, if any bough 25
 Do but stoop down to kiss her utmost brow;
 Yet if her often gnawing kisses win
 The traitorous banks to gape and let her in,
 See rusheth violently, and doth divorce
 Her from her native and her long kept course, 30
 And roars and braves it, and in gallant scorn,
 In flattering eddies promising return,
 She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is dry;
 Then say I that is she, and this am I.
 Yet let not thy deep bitterness beget 35
 Careless despair in me, for that will whet

My mind to scorn ; and, oh ! Love dull'd with pain
 Was ne'er so wise nor well arm'd as Disdain.
 Then with new eyes I shall survey and spy
 Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye. 40
 Tho' hope breed faith and love, thus taught, I shall,
 As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall ;
 My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
 I will renounce thy dalliance ; and when I
 Am the recusant, in that resolute state
 What hurts it me to be' excommunicate ? 46

ELEGIE VII.

NATURE's lay ideot, I taught thee to love,
 And in that sophistry, oh ! how thou dost prove
 'Too subtle ! Fool, thou didst not understand
 The mystique language of the eye nor hand ;
 Nor couldst thou judge the diff'rence of the air 5
 Of sighs, and say this lies, this sounds despair ;
 Nor by th' eye's water know a malady
 Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
 I had not taught thee then the alphabet
 Of flowers, how they, devisefully being set 10
 And bound up, might, with speechless secrecy,
 Deliver errands mutely and mutually.
 Remember, since all thy words us'd to be
 To ev'ry suitor, " I, if my friends agree ;"

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Since household charms thy husband's name to teach
 Were all the love-tricks that thy wit could reach; 16
 And since an hour's discourse could scarce have made
 One answer in thee, and that ill array'd
 In broken proverbs and torn sentences,
 Thou art not by so many duties his 20
 (That from the world's common having sever'd thee,
 Inlaid thee, neither to be seen nor see)
 As mine; who have, with amorous delicacies,
 Refin'd thee into' a blisful Paradise.
 Thy graces and good works my creatures be; 25
 I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee;
 Which, oh! shall strangers taste? must I, alas!
 Frame and enamel plate, and drink in glass?
 Chafe wax for others' seals? break a colt's force,
 And leave him then, being made a ready horse? 30

ELEGIE VIII. THE COMPARISON.

As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,
 As that which from chaf'd musk-cats' pores doth trill,
 As the almighty balm of th' early East,
 Such are the sweat-drops of my mistress' breast;
 And on her neck her skin such lustre sets, 5
 They seem no sweat-drops, but pearl coronets.
 Rank sweaty froth thy mistress' brow defiles,
 Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boyles,

Or like the skum which, by need's lawless law
 Enforc'd, Sanferra's starved men did draw 10
 From parboyl'd shooes and boots, and all the rest,
 Which were with any soveraign fatness blest;
 And like vile stones lying in saffron'd tin,
 Or warts, or weales, it hangs upon her skin.
 Round as the world's her head, on ev'ry side 15
 Like to the fatal ball which fell on Ide;
 Or that whereof God had such jealousy,
 As for the ravishing thereof we dye.
 Thy head is like a rough-hewn statue of jeat,
 Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set;
 Like the first chaos, or flat-seeming face 21
 Of Cynthia, when th' earth's shadows her embrace;
 Like Proserpine's white beauty-keeping chest,
 Or Jove's best fortune's urn, is her fair breast.
 Thine's like worm-eaten trunks cloth'd in seal's skin,
 Or grave, that's dust without and stink within; 26
 And like that slender stalk, at whose end stands
 The wood-bine quivering, are her arms and hands;
 Like rough-bark'd elm-boughs, or the russet skin
 Of men late scourg'd for madness or for sin; 30
 Like sun-parch'd quarters on the city gate,
 Such is thy tann'd skin's lamentable state;
 And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand
 The short swoln fingers of thy mistress' hand.
 Then like the chymick's masculine equal fire, 35
 Which in the limbeck's warm womb doth inspire

Into th' earth's worthless dirt a soul of gold,
 Such cherishing heat her best-lov'd part doth hold.
 Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
 Or like hot liquid metals newly run 40
 Into clay moulds; or like to that *Ætna*,
 Where, round about, the grafs is burnt away.
 Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
 As a worm sucking an invenom'd fore?
 Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake, 45
 As one which gathering flowers still fears a snake?
 Is not your last act harsh and violent,
 As when a plough a stony ground doth rent?
 So kifs good turtles, so devoutly nice
 A priest is in his handling sacrifice, 50
 And nice in searching wounds the surgeon is,
 As we when we embrace, or touch, or kifs.
 Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus;
 She and Comparifons are odious. 54

ELEGIE IX. THE AUTUMNAL.

No spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace
 As I have seen in one Autumnal face.
 Young beauties force our loves, and that's a rape;
 'This doth but counsel, yet you cannot 'scape.
 If 't were a shame to love, here 't were no shame; 5
 Affections here take Reverence's name.

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Were her first years the golden age; that's true,
But now she's gold oft' try'd, and ever new :
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her habitable tropique clime. 10
Fair eyes ! who asks more heat than comes from hence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles graves : if graves they were,
They were Love's graves, or else he is no where.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit 15
Vow'd to this trench, like an anachorit ;
And here, till her's, which must be his death, come,
He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.
Here dwells he ; tho' he sojourn ev'ry where
In progress, yet his standing house is here ; 20
Here, where still evening is, not noon nor night,
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at revels, you at councils, sit.
This is Love's timber, youth his underwood ; 25
There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,
Which then comes seasonablest when our taste
And appetite to other things is past.
Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the platane tree,
Was lov'd for age, none being so old as she, 30
Or else because, being young, Nature did bless
Her youth with age's glory, barrenness.
If we love things long sought, age is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compassing ;

If transitory things, which soon decay, 35
 Age must be loveliest at the latest day.
 But name not winter-faces, whose skin's slack,
 Lank as an unthrif's purse, but a soul's sack;
 Whose eyes seek light within; for all here's shade;
 Whose mouthes are holes, rather worn out than made;
 Whose every tooth to a several place is gone 41
 To vex the soul at resurrection:
 Name not these living death-heads unto me,
 For these not ancient but antique be.
 I hate extreams; yet I had rather stay 45
 With tombs than cradles to wear out the day.
 Since such Love's natural station is, may still
 My love descend, and journey down the hill;
 Not panting after growing beauties; so
 I shall ebb on with them who homeward go. 50

ELEGIE X. THE DREAM.

IMAGE of her whom I love more than she
 Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
 Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,
 As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
 The value; go, and take my heart from hence, 5
 Which now is grown too great and good for me.
 Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
 Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.

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When you are gone, and Reason gone with you,
Then Fantafie is queen, and foul and all; 10
She can present joys meaner than you do,
Convenient, and more proportional.
So if I Dream I have you, I have you;
For all our joys are but fantaftical;
And fo I 'scape the pain, for pain is true; 15
And fleep, which locks up fenfe, doth lock out all.
After fuch a fruition I fhall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing fhall repent;
And fhall to Love more thankful fonnets make,
'Than if more honour, tears, and pains, were fpent. 20
But, deareft heart! and, dearer image! ftay;
Alas! true joys at beft are Dreams enough;
'Tho' you ftay here you pafs too faft away,
For even at firft life's taper is a fuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart than ideot with none. 25

ELEGIE XI. DEATH.

LANGUAGE! thou art too narrow and too weak
To eafe us now; great forrows cannot fpeak.
If we could figh out accents and weep words,
Grief wears and leffens that tear's breath affords.
Sad hearts, the lefs they feem, the more they are; 5
(So guiltieft men ftand muteft at the bar)

Not that they know not, feel not, their estate,
 But extream sense hath made them desperate.
 Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be,
 Tyrant i' the fifth and greatest monarchy, 10
 Was't that she did possess all hearts before
 Thou hast kill'd her, to make thy empire more ?
 Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
 As in a deluge perish th' innocent ?
 Was't not enough to have that palace won, 15
 But thou must raze it too, that was undone ?
 Hadst thou stay'd there, and look'd out at her eyes,
 All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies;
 For they let out more light than they took in,
 They told not when, but did the day begin. 20
 She was too saphirine and clear for thee;
 Clay, flint, and jeat, now thy fit dwellings be.
 Alas! she was too pure, but not too weak;
 Whoe'er saw crystal ordnance but would break ?
 And if we be thy conquest, by her fall 25
 Thou' hast lost thy end, in her we perish all :
 Or if we live, we live but to rebel,
 That know her better now who knew her well.
 If we should vapour out, and pine and dye,
 Since she first went, that were not misery : 30
 She chang'd our world with her's; now she is gone,
 Mirth and prosperity's oppression :
 For of all moral virtues she was all
 That ethicks speak of virtues Cardinal.

Her soul was Paradise : the cherubin 35
Set to keep it was Grace, that kept out Sin :
She had no more than let in Death, for we
All reap consumption from one fruitful tree.
God took her hence, lest some of us should love
Her, like that plant, him and his laws above : 40
And when we tears, he mercy shed in this,
To raise our minds to heav'n, where now she is ;
Whom if her virtues would have let her stay,
We' had had a saint, have now a holiday.
Her heart was that strange bush, where sacred fire,
Religion, did not consume, but inspire 46
Such piety, so chaste use of God's day,
That what we turn'd to feast she turn'd to pray,
And did prefigure here, in devout taste,
The rest of her high Sabbath, which shall last. 50
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell ;
(For she was of that order whence most fell)
Her body 's left with us, lest some had said
She could not die, except they saw her dead :
For from less virtue and less beauteousness 55
The Gentiles fram'd them gods and goddesses :
The ravenous earth, that now woos her to be
Earth too, will be a Lemnia ; and the tree
That wraps that crystal in a wooden tomb,
Shall be took up spruce, fill'd with diamond ; 60
And we her sad glad friends all bear a part
Of grief, for all would break a Stoick's heart. 62

ELEGIE XII.

Upon the loss of his mistress's chain, for which he made satisfaction.

NOT that in colour it was like thy hair,
 Armelets of that thou may'st still let me wear;
 Nor that thy hand it oft' embrac'd and kist,
 For so it had that good which oft' I mist;
 Nor for that silly old morality, 5
 That as these links were knit our loves should be,
 Mourn I, that I thy sevenfold chain have lost;
 Nor for the luck's sake, but the bitter cost.
 O! shall twelve righteous angels, which as yet
 No leaven of vile solder did admit; 10
 Nor yet by any way have stray'd or gone
 From the first state of their creation;
 Angels which Heaven commanded to provide
 All things to me, and be my faithful guide;
 To gain new friends, t' appease old enemies, 15
 To comfort my soul when I lie or rise;
 Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe
 Sentence, (dread Judge!) my sins great burthen bear?
 Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
 And punish't for offences not their own? 20
 They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
 When in that hell they're burnt and ty'd in chains:

Were they but crowns of France, I cared not,
 For most of them their natural country rot
 I think possesseth; they come here to us 25
 So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous;
 And howsoe'er French kings Most Christian be,
 Their crowns are circumcis'd most Jewishly;
 Or were they Spanish stamps, still travelling,
 That are become as catholique as their king, 30
 Those unlickt bear-whelps, unfil'd pistolets,
 That (more than cannon-shot) avails or lets,
 Which, negligently left unrounded, look
 Like many angled figures in the book
 Of some dread conjurer, that would enforce 35
 Nature, as these do Justice, from her course;
 Which, as the soul quickens head, feet, and heart,
 As streams like veins run thro' th' earth's ev'ry part,
 Visit all countries, and have sily made
 Gorgeous France ruin'd; ragged and decay'd 40
 Scotland, which knew no state, proud in one day,
 And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia:
 Or were it such gold as that wherewithal
 Almighty chimiques from each mineral,
 Having by subtle fire a soul out-pull'd, 45
 Are dirtily and desperately gull'd;
 I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,
 For they are guilty of much hainous sin.
 But shall my harmless angels perish? shall
 I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all? 50

Much hope, which they should nourish, will be dead;
 Much of my able youth and lusty head
 Will vanish, if thou, Love, let them alone,
 For thou wilt love me less when they are gone;
 And be content that some loud squeaking cryer, 55
 Well pleas'd with one lean thread-bare groat for hire,
 May like a devil roar thro' every street,
 And gall the finder's conscience if they meet:
 Or let me creep to some dread conjurer, 59
 That with phantastique scenes fills full much paper;
 Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
 And with whores, thieves, and murd'ers, stuff his
 So full, that tho' he pass them all in sin, [rents
 He leaves himself no room to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is spent, 65
 He say 't will ne'er be found, yet be content,
 Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
 Because he is the mouth of Destiny.

Thou say'st (alas!) the gold doth still remain,
 Tho' it be chang'd, and put into a Chain; 70
 So in the first falln angels resteth still
 Wisdom and knowledge, but 't is turn'd to ill:
 As these should do good works, and should provide
 Necessities, but now must nurse thy pride;
 And they are still bad angels; mine are none; 75
 For form gives being, and their form is gone:
 Pity these angels yet; their dignities
 Pass Virtues, Powers, and Principalities.

But thou art resolute; thy will be done;
 Yet with such anguish as her only son 80
 The mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
 Unto the fire these martyrs I betray.
 Good souls! (for you give life to every thing)
 Good angels! (for good messages you bring)
 Destin'd you might have been to such an one 85
 As would have lov'd and worshipp'd you alone;
 One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
 Yea death, ere he would make your number less.
 But I am guilty of your sad decay:
 May your few fellows longer with me stay. 90

But, oh! thou wretched finder, whom I hate
 So, that I almost pity thy estate,
 Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
 May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
 Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains, 95
 First may'st thou be; then chain'd to hellish pains;
 Or be with foreign gold brib'd to betray
 Thy country, and sail both of it and thy pay.
 May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach contain
 Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain; 100
 Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
 Which, negligently kept, thy ruin bring.
 Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
 Itching desire, and no ability.
 May all the evils that gold ever wrought, 105
 All mischief that all devils ever thought,

Want after plenty, poor and gouty age,
 The plague of travellers, love and marriage,
 Afflict thee; and at thy life's last moment
 May thy swollen sins themselves to thee present. 110

But I forgive: repent, thou honest man!
 Gold is restorative, restore it then;
 But if that from it thou beest loth to part,
 Because 'tis cordial, would 't were at thy heart. 114

ELEGIE XIII.

COME, Fates! I fear you not: all whom I owe
 Are paid but you: then 'rest me ere I go.
 But Chance from you all sovereignty hath got;
 Love wounded none but those whom Death dares not:
 True if you were and just in equity, 5
 I should have vanquish'd her as you did me,
 Else lovers should not brave death's pains and live:
 But 't is a rule, Death comes not to relieve:
 Or pale and wan death's terrors, are they laid
 So deep in lovers they make Death afraid? 10
 Or (the least comfort) have I company?
 Or can the Fates love death as well as me?

Yes, Fates do filk unto her distaff pay
 For ransom, which tax they on us do lay.
 Love gives her youth, which is the reason why 15
 Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.

Poor Death can nothing give; yet for her sake
Still in her turn he doth a lover take :
And if Death should prove false she fears him not ;
Our Muses to redeem her she hath got. 20
That fatal night we last kifs'd I thus pray'd,
(Or rather thus despair'd, I should have said)
Kisses, and yet despair. The forbid tree
Did promise (and deceive) no more than she :
Like lambs that see their teats and must eat hay, 25
A food whose taste hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou saw'st blifs, and crav'dst to touch
A drop of water, thy great pains were such.
Here grief wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
And my sighs weary, groans are all my rent. 30
Unable longer to endure the pain,
They break like thunder, and do bring down rain.
Thus till dry tears folder mine eyes I weep,
And then I dream how you securely sleep,
And in your dreams do laugh at me. I hate, 35
And pray Love all may : he pities my state,
But says I therein no revenge shall find ;
The sun would shine tho' all the world were blind.
Yet, to try my hate, Love shew'd me your tear,
And I had dy'd had not your smile been there. 40
Your frown undoes me; your smile is my wealth,
And as you please to look I have my health.
Methought Love pitying me, when he saw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palms to kifs :

That cur'd me not, but to bear pain gave strength, 45
 And what is lost in force is took in length.
 I call'd on Love again, who fear'd you so,
 That his compassion still prov'd greater woe;
 For then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
 But durst not feel, for fear 't should not be true. 50
 This merits not our anger, had it been;
 The queen of Chastity was naked seen:
 And in bed not to feel the pain I took
 Was more than for Actæon not to look;
 And that breast, which lay ope, I did not know,
 But for the clearness, from a lump of snow. 56

ELEGIE XIV.

HIS PARTING FROM HER.

SINCE she must go and I must mourn, come, Night!
 Environ me with darkness whilst I write;
 Shadow that hell unto me which alone
 I am to suffer when my love is gone.
 Alas! the darkest magick cannot do it, 5
 And that great hell to boot are shadows to it.
 Should Cynthia quit thee, Venus! and each star,
 It would not form one thought dark as mine are;
 I could lend them obscurity now, and say
 Out of myself: there should be no more day: 10
 Such is already myself-want of light,
 Did not the fire within me force a light.

Oh, Love! that fire and darkness should be mixt,
Or to thy triumphs such strange torments fixt!
Is't because thou thyself art blind, that we, 15
Thy martyrs, must no more each other see?
Or tak'st thou pride to break us on thy wheel,
And view old Chaos in the pains we feel?
Or have we left undone some mutual right,
That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spight? 20
No, no: the fault is mine; impute it to me,
Or rather to conspiring Destiny,
Which (since I lov'd) for me before decreed
That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed;
And therefore sooner now than I can say 25
I saw the golden fruit 't is wrapt away:
Or as I had watcht one drop in the vast stream,
And I left wealthy only in a dream.
Yet, Love! thou 'rt blinder than thyself in this,
To vex my dove-like friend for my amiss, 30
And where one sad truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
So blinded Justice doth, when favourites fall,
Strike them, their house, their friends, their favourites,
Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires [all.
Into our bloods, inflaming our desires, 36
And mad'st us sigh, and blow, and pant, and burn,
And then thyself into our flames didst turn?
Was't not enough that thou didst hazard us
To paths in love so dark and dangerous, 40

And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
 And over all thy husband's tow'ring eyes
 Inflam'd with th' ugly sweat of jealousy,
 Yet went we not still on in constancy?
 Have we for this kept guards, like spy o'er spy? 45
 Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?
 Stolen (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
 Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
 Shadow'd with negligence our best respects?
 Varied our language thro' all dialects 50
 Of becks, winks, looks, and often under boards
 Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?
 Have we prov'd all the secrets of our art,
 Yea, thy pale inwards and thy panting heart?
 And after all this pass'd Purgatory, 55
 Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
 First let our eyes be rivited quite thro'
 Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
 Let our arms clasp like ivy, and our fear
 Freeze us together, that we may stick here; 60
 Till Fortune, that would ruin us with the deed,
 Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
 For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
 I have accus'd, should such a mischief do.
 Oh, Fortune! thou'rt not worth my least exclaim, 65
 And plague enough thou hast in thy own name:
 Do thy great worst, my friends and I have arms,
 Tho' not against thy strokes, against thy harms:

Rend us in funder, thou canst not divide
Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd, 70
And we can love by letters still and gifts,
And thoughts, and dreams: Love never wanteth shifts.
I will not look upon the quick'ning sun,
But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
The air shall note her soft, the fire most pure, 75
Waters suggest her clear, and the earth sure;
Time shall not lose our passages; the spring,
How fresh our love was in the beginning;
The summer, how it inripened the year;
And autumn, what our golden harvests were: 80
The winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
But count it a lost season, so shall she.
And, dearest Friend! since we must part, drown night
With hope of day; burthens well borne are light.
The cold and darkness longer hang somewhere, 85
Yet Phœbus equally lights all the sphere;
And what we cannot in like portion pay,
The world enjoys in mass, and so we may.
Be ever then yourself, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty; so 90
Declare yourself base Fortune's enemy;
No less be your contempt than her inconstancy;
That I may grow enamour'd on your mind,
When my own thoughts I here neglected find.
And this, to th' comfort of my dear I vow, 95
My deeds shall still be what my deeds are now;

The poles shall move to teach me ere I start,
 And when I change my love I'll change my heart;
 Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
 Think heav'n hath motion lost, and the world fire
 Much more I could; but many words have made it
 That oft' suspected which men most perswade:
 Take therefore all in this; I love so true,
 As I will never look for less in you. 104

ELEGIE XV. JULIA.

HARK, news: O Envy! thou shalt hear descry'd
 My Julia, who as yet was ne'er envy'd.
 'To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins
 With calumny, that hell itself disdains,
 Is her continual practice, does her best, 5
 'To tear opinion ev'n out of the breast
 Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)
 Sticks jealousy in wedlock. Her own child
 'Scapes not the show'rs of envy. 'To repeat
 The monstrous fashions, how, were alive to eat 10
 Dear reputation. Would to God she were
 But half so loth to act vice as to hear
 My mild reproof! Liv'd Mantuan now again,
 'That female mastix to linn with his pen,
 'This she Chymera, that hath eyes of fire, 15
 Burning with anger, (anger feeds desire)

Tongu'd like the night-crow, whose ill-beding cries
 Give out for nothing but new injuries.
 Her breath like to the juice in Ténarus,
 That blasts the springs, tho' ne'er so prosperous: 20
 Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill
 The food of others than herself to fill.
 But, oh! her mind, that Orcus, which includes
 Legions of mischief, countless multitudes
 Of former curses, projects unmade-up, 25
 Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
 Mishapen cavils, palpable untruths,
 Inevitable errors, self-accusing loaths:
 These, like those atoms swarming in the sun,
 Throng in her bosom for creation. 30
 I blush to give her half her due; yet say
 No poyson's half so bad as Julia. 32

ELEGIE XVI.

A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE.

I SING no harm, good sooth, to any wight,
 To lord, to fool, cuckold, beggar, or knight,
 To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave,
 Reformed or reduced captain, knave,
 Officer, jugler, or justice of peace, 5
 Juror or judge; I touch no fat sow's grease;
 I am no libeller, nor will be any,
 But (like a true man) say there are too many:

I fear not *Ore tenus*, for my tale
 Nor count nor counsellor will red or pale. 10
 A Citizen and his Wife the other day,
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way
 I overtook; the wench a pretty peat,
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the feat:
 I saw the lech'rous Citizen turn back 15
 His head, and on his Wife's lip steal a smack;
 Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
 Riding before to kiss his Wife behind,
 'To get acquaintance with him I began,
 And fort discourse fit for so fine a man. 20
 I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
 Ask'd if the custom-farmers held out still?
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
 The traffique of the midland seas had marr'd?
 Whether the Britain Burse did fill apace, 25
 And likely were to give th' Exchange disgrace?
 Of new-built Aldgate and the Moore-field crosses,
 Of store of bankrupts and poor merchants' losses,
 I urged him to speak: but he (as mute
 As an old courtier worn to his last suit) 30
 Replies with only Yeas and Nays. At last
 ('To fit his element) my theam I cast
 On tradefmen's gains: that set his tongue a-going.
 Alas! good Sir, (quoth he) there is no doing
 In court nor city now. She smil'd, and I, 35
 And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie

In one met thought. But he went on apace,
And at the present times with such a face
He rail'd as fray'd me; for he gave no praise
To any but my Lord of Essex's days; 40
Call'd those the Age of Action. True, (quoth he)
There's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay down,
For put to push of pay away they run:
Our only city-trades of hope now are 45
Bawds, tavern-keepers, whore, and scrivener;
The much of priviledg'd kinsmen, and the store
Of fresh protections make the rest all poor:
In the first state of their creation
Tho' many stoutly stand, yet proves not one 50
A righteous pay-master. Thus ran he on
In a continued rage: so void of reason
Seem'd his harsh talk, I shate for fear of treason.
And (troth) how could I less? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wise Lord Mayor 55
And his wife brethren's worships, when one prayeth,
He swore that none could say Amen with faith.
To get him off from what I glow'd to hear,
(In happy time) an Angel did appear,
The bright sign of a lov'd and well-try'd inn, 60
Where many citizens with their wives had been
Well us'd and often: here I pray'd him stay
To take some due refreshment by the way.

Look how he look'd that hid his gold, his hope,
 And at his return found nothing but a rope; 65
 So he on me: refus'd, and made-away,
 Tho' willing she pleaded a weary day:
 I found my miss, struck hands, and pray'd him tell
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the wine;
 But his kind wife gave me the very sign. 71

ELEGIE XVII.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
 Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest air,
 And must she needs be false because she's fair?
 Is it your beautie's mark, or of your youth, 5
 Or your perfection, not to study truth?
 Or think you Heav'n is deaf, or hath no eyes,
 Or those it hath smile at your perjuries?
 Are vows so cheap with women, or the matter 9
 Whereof they're made, that they are writ in water,
 And blown away with wind? or doth their breath
 (Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet,
 Form'd into words, so many sighs should meet,
 As from our hearts; so many oaths, and tears 15
 Sprinkled among, (all sweeten'd by our fears)

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And the divine impression of stoln kisses,
That seal'd the rest, should now prove empty blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
Or must we read you quite from what you speak, 20
And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
He first desire you false who 'ld wish you just?
O! I prophane: tho' most of women be
This kind of beast, my thoughts shall except thee,
My dearest Love! tho' froward jealousie 25
With circumstance might urge thy' inconstancy,
Sooner I'll think the sun will cease to chear
The teeming earth, and that forget to bear;
Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in June will bind his streams; 30
Or Nature, by whose strength the world indures,
Would change her course, before you alter your's.
But, oh! that treacherous breast, to whom weak you
Did trust our counsels, and we both may rue,
Having his falshood found too late, 't was he 35
That made me cast you guilty, and you me;
Whilst he (black wretch!) betray'd each simple word
We spake unto the cunning of a third.
Curst may he be that so our love hath slain,
And wander on the earth wretched as Cain! 40
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity;
In plaguing him let Misery be witty!
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noysom as his infamy!

May he without remorse deny God thrice, 45
 And not be trusted more on his soul's price;
 And after all self-torment, when he dies
 May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes,
 Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,
 That utter'd all, be to some raven flung; 50
 And let his carrion-corse be a longer feast
 To the king's dogs than any other beast!
 Now I have curst, let us our love revive;
 In me the flame was never more alive:
 I could begin again to court and praise, 55
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
 Of my life's lease: like painters, that do take
 Delight not in made works, but whilst they make.
 I could renew those times when first I saw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law 60
 To like what you lik'd, and at masks and plays
 Commend the self-same actors the same ways;
 Ask how you did, and often, with intent
 Of being officious, be impertinent:
 All which were such soft pastimes, as in these 65
 Love was as subtilely catch'd as a disease;
 But being got, it is a treasure sweet,
 Which to defend is harder than to get,
 And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
 For tho' 't is got by chance 't is kept by art. 70

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ELEGIE XVIII.

WHOEVER loves, if he do not propose
 The right true end of love, he's one that goes
 To sea for nothing but to make him sick.
 Love is a bear-whelp born; if we o'er-lick
 Our love, and force it new strong shapes to take, 5
 We err, and of a lump a monster make.
 Were not a calf a monster, that were grown
 Fac'd like a man, tho' better than his own?
 Perfection is in unity: prefer
 One woman first, and then one thing in her. 10
 I, when I value gold, may think upon
 The dustilness, the application,
 The wholsomness, the ingenuity,
 From rust, from soil, from fire, ever free:
 But if I love it, 't is because 't is made 15
 By our new nature (use) the soul of trade.

All these in women we might think upon,
 (If women had them) and yet love but one.
 Can men more injure women than to say
 'They love them for that by which they're not they?
 Makes virtue woman? must I cool my blood 21
 Till I both be and find one wife and good?
 May barren angels love so: but if we
 Make love to woman, virtue is not she:

As beauties, no, nor wealth. He that strays thus 25
 From her to her's is more adulterous
 Than if he took her maid. Search every sphear
 And firmament, our Cupid is not there:
 He's an infernal god, and under ground
 With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound. 30
 Men to such gods their sacrificing coals
 Did not on altars lay, but pits and holes.
 Altho' we see celestial bodies move
 Above the earth, the earth we till and love:
 So we her airs contemplate, words, and heart, 35
 And virtues; but we love the centrique part.

Nor is the soul more worthy or more fit
 For love than this, as infinite as it.
 But in attaining this desired place,
 How much they err that set out at the face? 40
 The hair a forest is of ambushes,
 Of springs, and snares, fetters, and manacles:
 'The brow becalms us when 't is smooth and plain,
 And when 't is wrinkled shipwracks us again.
 Smooth 't is a paradise, where we would have 45
 Immortal stay, but wrinkled 't is a grave.
 'The nose (like to the sweet meridian) runs
 Not 'twixt an east and west, but 'twixt two suns;
 It leaves a cheek a rosie hemisphear
 On either side, and then directs us where 50
 Upon the Islands Fortunate we fall,
 Not faint Canaries, but Ambrosial.

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Unto her swelling lips when we are come,
We anchor there, and think ourselves at home,
For they seem all: there Syrens' songs, and there 55
Wise Delphick oracles, do fill the ear;
Then in a creek, where chosen pearls do swell
The remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
These and (the glorious promontory) her chin,
Being past the Straits of Hellespont, between 60
The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts,
(Not of two lovers but two Loves the nests)
Succeeds a boundless sea; but yet thine eye
Some island moles may scatter'd there descry;
And sailing towards her India, in that way 65
Shall at her fair Atlantic navel stay:
Tho' there the current be the pilot made,
Yet ere thou be where thou shouldst be embay'd,
Thou shalt upon another forest set,
Where many shipwrack, and no further get. 70
When thou art there, consider what this chace
Mis-spent, by thy beginning at the face.
Rather set out below; practise my art;
Some symmetry the foot hath with that part
Which thou dost seek, and is thy map for that, 75
Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
Least subject to disguise and change it is;
Men say the devil never can change his:
It is the emblem that hath figured
Firmness; 't is the first part that comes to bed. 80

Civility we see refin'd : the kifs,
 Which at the face began, transplanted is,
 Since to the hand, since to th' imperial knee,
 Now at the Papal foot delights to be.
 If kings think that the nearer way, and do 85
 Rise from the foot, lovers may do so too :
 For as free sphears move faster far than can
 Birds, whom the air resists; so may that man,
 Which goes this empty and ethereal way,
 Than if at beautie's enemies he stay. 90
 Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
 Two purses, and their mouths averfely laid :
 They then which to the lower tribute owe,
 That way which that exchequer looks must go :
 He which doth not, his error is as great
 As who by clyster gives the stomach meat. 96

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED.

COME, Madam! come; all rest my powers desie;
 Until I labour I in labour lie.
 The foe oft-times having the foe in fight
 Is tir'd with standing, tho' he never fight.
 Off with that girdle, like heaven's zone glitt'ring, 5
 But a far fairer world incompassing.
 Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,
 That th' eyes of busie fools may be slopt there.

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Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chyme
Tells me from you that now it is bed-time. 10

Off with that happy busk, which I envie,
That still can be, and still can stand, so nigh.
Your gown going off such beauteous state reveals,
As when thro' flow'ry meads th' hill's shadow steals.
Off with that wyerie coronet, and show 15

The hairy diadem which on your head doth grow.
Now off with those shooes, and then softly tread
In this Love's hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes heaven's angels us'd to be
Reveal'd to men; thou angel bring'st with thee 20

A heav'n like Mah'met's paradise; and tho'
Ill spirits walk in white, we eas'ly know
By this these angels from an evil sprite;
Those set our hairs but these our flesh upright.

License my roaving hands, and let them go 25
Before, behind, between, above, below.

O my America! my Newfoundland!
My kingdom's safest when with one man mann'd.
My myne of precious stones! my emperie!
How am I blest in thus discovering thee! 30
To enter in these bonds is to be free;

Then where my hand is set my seal shall be.

Full nakedness! all joys are due to thee;
As souls unbodied bodies uncloth'd must be,
To taste whole joys. Gems, which you women use,
Are, like Atlanta's ball, cast in men's views; 36

That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,
 His earthly soul may court that and not them :
 Like pictures or like books' gay coverings made,
 For lay-men are all women thus array'd. 40
 Themselves are only mystick books, which we
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
 Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know,
 As liberally as to thy midwife show
 Thyself, cast all, yea, this white linen, hence; 45
 There is no pennance due to innocence.

To teach thee I am naked first; why, then,
 What need'st thou have more covering than a man? 48

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FUNERAL ELEGIES.

ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD;

Wherein, by occasion of the untimely death of Mrs. Elizabeth Drury, the frailty and the decay of this whole world is represented.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

To the Praise of the Dead, and the Anatomie.

WELL dy'd the world, that we might live to see
This world of wit in his Anatomie:
No evil wants his good; so wilder heirs
Bedew their fathers' tombs with forced tears,
Whose 'state requites their loss. While thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain. 6
Yet how can I consent; the world is dead
While this Muse lives? which in his spirit's stead
Seems to inform a world, and bids it be,
In spight of loss or frail mortality. 10
And thou the subject of this well-born thought,
Thrice noble Maid! couldst not have found nor fought
A fitter time to yield to thy sad fate
Than while this spirit lives that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last nephew's eyne, 15
That they shall wonder both at his and thine.

Admired match! where strives in mutual grace
 The cunning pencil and the comely face;
 A task which thy fair goodness made too much
 For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch. 20
 Enough it is to praise them that praise thee,
 And say that but enough those praises be,
 Which, hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearful head
 From th' angry checkings of thy modest red.
 Death bars reward and shame; when envy's gone 25
 And gain, 't is safe to give the dead their own:
 As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
 More on their tombs than houses, these of clay,
 But those of brass or marble were; so we
 Give more unto thy ghost than unto thee. 30
 Yet what we give to thee thou gav'st to us,
 And may'st but thank thyself for being thus:
 Yet what thou gav'st and wert, O happy maid!
 Thy grace profess'd all due where 'tis repaid.
 So these high songs that to thee suited bin, 35
 Serve but to sound thy Maker's praise and thine,
 Which thy dear soul as sweetly sings to him,
 Amid the choir of saints and seraphim,
 As any angel's tongue can sing of thee;
 The subjects differ, tho' the skill agree: 40
 For as by infant years men judge of age,
 Thy early love thy virtues did presage
 What high part thou bear'st in those best of songs,
 Whereto no burden nor no end belongs.

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Sing on, thou virgin soul! whose lossful gain 45
 Thy love-sick parents have bewail'd in vain;
 Never may thy name be in songs forgot
 Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note. 48

AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

WHEN that rich soul, which to her heav'n is gone,
 Whom all do celebrate who know they've one,
 (For who is sure he hath a soul, unless
 It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,
 And by deeds praise it? he who doth not this 5
 May lodge an inmate soul, but 't is not his)
 When that queen ended here her progress time,
 And as t' her standing house to heav'n did climb,
 Where, loth to make the saints attend her long,
 She's now a part both of the choir and song: 10
 This world in that great earthquake languished,
 For in a common bath of tears it bled,
 Which drew the strongest vital spirits out,
 But succour'd them with a perplexed doubt
 Whether the world did lose or gain in this; 15
 (Because since now no other way there is
 But goodness, to see her whom all would see,
 All must endeavour to be good as she)
 This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
 And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd; 20

And as men think that agues phthysick are,
 And th' ague being spent give over care;
 So thou, sick world! mistak'st thyself to be
 Well, when, alas! thou'rt in a lethargie.
 Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then 25
 Thou might'st have better spar'd the fun or man.
 That wound was deep; but 't is more misery
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
 'Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan;
 But this is worse that thou art speechless grown. 30
 Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst; thou wast
 Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'erpast;
 For as a child kept from the font until
 A prince, expected long, come to fulfil
 The ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadst laid, 35
 Had not her coming thee her palace made:
 Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form and frame,
 And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name.
 Some months she hath been dead, (but, being dead,
 Measures of time are all determin'd) 40
 But long she' hath been away, long, long; yet none
 Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
 But as in states doubtful of future heirs,
 When sickness without remedie impairs
 The present prince, they're loth it should be said 45
 The prince doth languish, or the prince is dead;
 So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
 A strong example gone, equal to law,

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The cement, which did faithfully compact
And give all virtues, now resolv'd and slack'd, 50
Thought it some blasphemy' to say she was dead,
Or that our weakness was discovered
In that confession; therefore spoke no more
'Than tongues, the soul being gone, the loss deplore.
But tho' it be too late to succour thee, 55
Sick World! yea dead, yea putrified; since she,
Thy intrinsique balm and thy preservative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live;
I (since no man can make thee live) will trie
What we may gain by thy Anatomie. 60
Her death hath taught us, dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world itself being dead,
'Tis labour lost to have discovered
The world's infirmities, since there is none 65
Alive to study this dissection:
For there's a kind of world remaining still,
Tho' she, which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night
Her ghost doth walk, that is, a glimmering light, 70
A faint weak love of virtue and of good
Reflects from her on them which understood
Her worth; and tho' she have shut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth stay,
Which, from the carcass of the old world free, 75
Creates a new world, and new creatures be

Produc'd; the matter and the stuff of this
 Her virtue, and the form our practice is;
 And tho' to be thus elemented arm
 'These creatures from homeborn intrinsique harm, 80
 (For all assum'd unto this dignitie,
 So many weedless Paradises be,
 Which of themselves produce no ven'mous sin,
 Except some foreign serpent bring it in)
 Yet because outward storms the strongest break, 85
 And strength itself by confidence grows weak,
 'This new world may be safer, being told
 'The dangers and diseases of the old;
 For with due temper men do then forego
 Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
 'There is no health; physicians say that we 91
 At best enjoy but a neutrality:
 And can there be worse sickness than to know
 'That we are never well, nor can be so?
 We are born ruinous; poor mothers cry 95
 That children come not right nor orderly,
 Except they headlong come, and fall upon
 An ominous precipitation.
 How witty's ruin, how importunate
 Upon mankind! it labour'd to frustrate 100
 Even God's purpose, and made woman, sent
 For man's relief, cause of his languishment:
 They were to good ends, and they are so still,
 But accessory, and principal in ill;

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For that first marriage was our funeral; 105
One woman at one blow then kill'd us all,
And singly one by one they kill us now,
And we delightfully ourselves allow
To that consumption; and, profusely blind,
We kill ourselves to propagate our kind; 110
And yet we do not that; we are not men;
There is not now that mankind which was then,
When as the sun and man did seem to strive
(Joynt-tenants of the world) who should survive;
When stag and raven, and the long-liv'd tree, 115
Compar'd with man, dy'd in minority;
When, if a slow-pac'd star had stoln away
From the observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see't again,
And then make up his observation plain; 120
When as the age was long, the size was great,
Man's growth confess'd and recompenc'd the meat;
So spacious and large, that every soul
Did a fair kingdom and large realm controul;
And when the very stature, thus erect, 125
Did that soul a good way t'wards heav'n direct:
Where is this mankind now? who lives to age
Fit to be made Methusalem his page?
Alas! we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true-made clock run right or lye. 130
Old gran'fires talk of yesterday with sorrow,
And for our children we reserve to-morrow.

So short is life, that every peasant strives,
 In a torn house or field, to have three lives.
 And as in lasting, so in length, is man 135
 Contracted to an inch who was a span;
 For had a man at first in forests stray'd,
 Or shipwrack'd in the sea, one would have laid
 A wager that an elephant or whale
 That met him would not hastily assail 140
 A thing so equal to him: now, alas!
 The fairies and the pygmies well may pass
 As credible. Mankind decays so soon,
 We're scarce our fathers' shadows cast at noon;
 Only death addst' our length; nor are we grown 145
 In stature to be men till we are none.
 But this were light, did our less volume hold
 All the old text; or had we chang'd to gold
 Their silver, or dispos'd into less glass
 Spirits of virtue which then scatter'd was: 150
 But 't is not so; we're not retir'd, but damp;
 And as our bodies so our minds are cramp:
 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving, that hath thus,
 In mind and body both, bedwarfed us.
 We seem ambitious God's whole work t'undo; 155
 Of nothing he made us, and we strive too
 To bring ourselves to nothing back; and we
 Do what we can to do 't as soon as he.
 With new diseases on ourselves we war,
 And with new physick, a worse engine far. 160

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This man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces, are at home;
And if in other creatures they appear,
They're but man's ministers and legats there,
To work on their rebellions, and reduce 165
Them to civility and to man's use:
This man, whom God did woo, and, loth t' attend
Till man came up, did down to man descend;
This man, so great, that all that is is his,
Oh! what a trifle and poor thing he is! 170
If man were any thing, he's nothing now;
Help, or at least some time to waste, allow
To' his other wants; yet when he did depart
With her, whom we lament, he lost his heart.
She, of whom th' Ancients seem'd to prophesie, 175
When they call'd virtues by the name of She;
She, in whom virtue was so much refin'd,
That for allay unto so pure a mind
She took the weaker sex; she that could drive
The poysonous tincture and the stain of Eve 180
Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify
All by a true religious alchimy;
She, she is dead; she's dead! Whenthou know'st this,
'Thou know'st how poor a trifling thing man is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomic, 185
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The supernatural food, religion,

Thy better growth grows withered and scant;
 Be more than man, or thou 'rt less than an ant. 190
 Then as mankind, so is the world's whole frame
 Quite out of joynt, almost created lame;
 For before God had made up all the rest,
 Corruption enter'd and deprav'd the best :
 It seiz'd the angels, and then, first of all, 195
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,
 And turn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
 Wronging each joynt of th' universal frame.
 'The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then 199
 Both beasts and plants curst in the curse of man :
 So did the world from the first hour decay,
 That evening was beginning of the day ;
 And now the springs and summers which we see,
 Like sons of women after fifty be :
 And new philosophy calls all in doubt 205
 The element of fire is quite put out ;
 'The sun is lost, and th' earth, and no man's wit
 Can well direct him where to look for it :
 And freely men confess that this world's spent,
 When in the planets and the firmament 210
 They seek so many new; they see that this
 Is crumbled out again t' his atomies :
 'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,
 All just supply, and all relation :
 Prince, subject, father, son, are things forgot, 215
 For every man alone thinks he hath got

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To be a phoenix, and that then can be
None of that kind of which he is but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She that should all parts to reunion bow; 220
She that had all magnetique force alone
To draw and fasten sunder'd parts in one;
She whom wise Nature had invented then,
When she observ'd that every sort of men
Did in their voyage in this world's sea stray, 225
And needed a new compass for their way;
She, that was best and first original
Of all fair copies, and the general
Steward to Fate; she, whose rich eyes and breast
Gilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East, 230
Whose having breath'd in this world did bestow
Spice on those isles, and bade them still smell so;
And that rich Indie, which doth gold inter,
Is but as single money coyn'd from her;
She, to whom this world must itself refer, 235
As suburbs or the microcosm of her;
She, she is dead; she 's dead! When thou know'st this,
'Thou know'st how lame a creeple this world is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
That this world's general sickness doth not lie 240
In any humour, or one certain part,
But as thou saw'st it rotten at the heart,
'Thou see'st a heetique fever hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be controll'd,

And that thou hast but one way not t' admit 245
 The world's infection, to be none of it :
 For the world's subtil'ft immaterial parts
 Feel this confuming wound, and age's darts :
 For the world's beauty is decay'd or gone,
 Beauty, that's colour and proportion. 250
 We think the heav'n's enjoy their fpherical,
 Their round proportion embracing all,
 But yet their various and perplexed courfe,
 Obferv'd in diverfe ages, doth enforce
 Men to find out fo many eccentricque parts, 255
 Such diverfe down-right lines, fuch overthwarts,
 As difproportion that pure form : it tears
 The firmament in eight and forty fhares,
 And in thefe conftellations then arife
 New ftars, and old do vanifh from our eyes; 260
 As tho' heav'n fuffered earthquakes, peace or war,
 When new tow'rs rife, and old demolifh'd are.
 They have impal'd within a zodiack
 The free-born fun, and keep twelve fignes awake
 To watch his fteps; the Goat and Crab controul 265
 And fright him back, who elfe to either pole
 (Did not thefe tropiques fetter him) might run;
 For his courfe is not round, nor can the fun
 Perfect a circle, or maintain his way
 One inch direct, but where he rofe to-day 270
 He comes no more, but with a cozening line
 Steals by that point, and fo is ferpentine;

And seeming weary of his reeling thus,
He means to sleep, being now fal'n nearer us.
So of the stars, which boast that they do run 275
In circle still, none ends where he begun;
All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells;
For of meridians and parallels
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the heav'ns, and now they are his own. 280
Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
To go to heav'n, we make heav'n come to us.
We spur, we rein the stars, and in their race
They're diversly content t' obey our pace.
But keeps the earth her round proportion still? 285
Doth not a Ténarus or higher hill
Rise so high like a rock, that one might think
The floating moon would shipwrack there and sink?
Seas are so deep, that whales being struck to-day,
Perchance to-morrow scarce at middle way 290
Of their wish'd journey's end, the bottom, die;
And men to sound depths so much line unty,
As one might justly think that there would rise,
At end thereof, one of th' antipodes;
If under all a vault infernal be, 295
(Which sure is spacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there must
Millions into a straight hot room be thrust)
Then solidness and roundness have no place:
Are these but warts and pockholes in the face 300

Of th' earth ? Think so ; but yet confess in this
 The world's proportion disfigur'd is ;
 That those two leggs whereon it doth rely,
 Reward and punishment, are bent awry :
 And, oh ! it can no more be questioned 305
 That beautie's best proportion is dead,
 Since even grief itself, which now alone
 Is left us, is without proportion.
 She, by whose lines proportion should be
 Examin'd, measure of all fymmetry, 310
 Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought souls made
 Of harmony, he would at next have said
 That Harmony was she, and thence infer
 That souls were but resultances from her,
 And did from her into our bodies go, 315
 As to our eyes the forms from objects flow :
 She who, if those great doctors truly said,
 That th'ark to man's proportion was made,
 Had been a type for that, as that might be
 A type of her in this, that contrary 320
 Both elements and passions liv'd at peace
 In her, who caus'd all Civil war to cease :
 She, after whom what form foe'er we see,
 Is discord and rude incongruity ;
 She, she is dead, she's dead ! When thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how ugly' a monster this world is, 326
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 That here is nothing to enamour thee ;

And that not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts, 330
Poysoning the fountains whence our actions spring,
Endanger us; but that if every thing
Be not done fitly' and in proportion,
To satisfie wise and good lookers-on,
Since most men be such as most think they be, 335
They're loathsome too by this deformity:
For good and well must in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beautie's other second element,
Colour and lustre, now is as near spent; 340
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone;
As a compassionate turcoyse, which doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well;
As gold falls sick being stung with Mercury, 345
All the world's parts of such complexion be.
When Nature was most busy, the first week
Swaddling the new-born earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport herself sometimes and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day; 350
And then, as tho' she could not make enow,
Himself his various rainbow did allow.
Sight is the noblest sense of any one;
Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: summer's robe grows 355
Dusky, and like an oft'-dy'd garment shows.

Our blushing red, which us'd in cheeks to spread,
 Is inward sunk, and only' our souls are red.
 Perchance the world might have recovered,
 If she whom we lament had not been dead: 360
 But she, in whom all white, and red, and blew,
 (Beautie's ingredients) voluntary grew,
 As in an unvext Paradise, from whom
 Did all things' verdure and their lustre come,
 Whose composition was miraculous, 365
 Being all colour, all diaphanous,
 (For air and fire but thick gross bodies were,
 And liveliest stones but drowfie and pale to her)
 She, she is dead; she's dead! When thou know'st this,
 'Thou know'st how wan a ghost this our world is,
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie, 371
 That it should more affright than pleasure thee:
 And that, since all fair colour then did sink,
 'Tis now but wicked vanity to think
 'To colour vicious deeds with good pretence, 375
 Or with bought colours to illude men's sense.
 Nor in ought more this world's decay appears
 Than that her influence the heav'n forbears,
 Or that the elements do not feel this,
 'The father or the mother barren is: 380
 'The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
 In the due birth-time, down the balmy shower;
 'Th' air doth not motherly sit on the earth,
 'To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth:

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Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs,
And false conceptions fill the general wombs; 386
Th' air shows such meteors, as none can see
Not only what they mean, but what they be.
Earth such new worms as would have troubled much
Th' Egyptian Magi to have made more such. 390
What artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heav'n hither, or constellate any thing;
So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprison'd in a herb, or charm, or tree,
And do by touch all which those stars could do? 395
The art is lost, and correspondence too;
For heav'n gives little, and the earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heav'n and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot, 400
She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully' and pow'rfully on us;
Since herbs and roots by dying lose not all,
But they, yea ashes too, are med'cinal,
Death could not quench her virtue so, but that 405
It would be (if not follow'd) wonder'd at,
And all the world would be one dying swan,
To sing her Funeral praise, and vanish then.
But as some serpent's poyson hurteth not,
Except it be from the live serpent shot, 410
So doth her virtue need her here, to fit
That unto us, she working more than it.

But she, in whom to such maturity
 Virtue was grown past growth, that it must die;
 She, from whose influence all impressi^on came, 415
 But by receiver's impotencies lame;
 Who, tho' she could not transubstantiate
 All states to gold, yet gilded every state;
 So that some princes have some temperance,
 Some counsellors some purpose to advance 420
 'The common profit, and some people have
 Some stay, no more than kings should give to crave;
 Some women have some taciturnity,
 Some nunneries some grains of chastity:
 She that did thus much, and much more could do,
 But that our age was Iron, and rusty too; 426
 She, she is dead; she's dead! When thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how dry a cinder this world is,
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 'That 't is in vain to dew or molifie 430
 It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood: nothing
 Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
 But those rich joys which did possess her heart,
 Of which she's now partaker and a part.
 But as in cutting up a man that's dead, 435
 'The body will not last out, to have read
 On every part, and therefore men direct
 Their speech to parts that are of most effect;
 So the world's carcass would not last, if I
 Were punctual in this Anatomie; 440

Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell [well.
 Them their disease, who fain would think they're
 Here, therefore, be the end; and, blessed Maid!
 Of whom is meant whatever hath been said,
 Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, 445
 Whose name refines coarse lines, and makes profound,
 Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent,
 Who, till his dark short taper's end be spent,
 As oft' as thy feast sees this widow'd earth,
 Will yearly celebrate thy second birth, 450
 That is, thy death: for tho' the soul of man
 Be got when man is made, 't is born but then
 When man doth die; our body's as the womb,
 And as a midwife death directs it home;
 And you her creatures, whom she works upon, 455
 And have your last and best concoction
 From her example and her virtue, if you
 In reverence to her do think it due,
 That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
 As matter fit for chronicle, not verse, 460
 Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
 A last and lasting'st piece, a song. He spake
 To Moses to deliver unto all
 That song, because he knew they would let fall
 The law, the prophets, and the history, 465
 But keep the song still in their memory:
 Such an opinion, in due measure, made
 Me this great office boldly to invade;

Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
 Me from this trying to imprison her, 470
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
 I saw not why verse might not do so too.
 Verse hath a middle nature; heav'n keeps souls,
 'The grave keeps bodies, verse the same enrolls. 474

A FUNERAL ELEGIE.

'TIS loss to trust a tomb with such a guest,
 Or to confine her in a marble chest.
 Alas! what's marble, jeat, or porphyrie,
 Priz'd with the chrysolite of either eye,
 Or with those pearls and rubies, which she was? 5
 Joyn the two Indies in one tomb, 't is glass;
 And so is all to her materials,
 'Tho' every inch were ten Escurials;
 Yet she's demolish'd; can we keep her then
 In works of hands, or of the wits of men? 10
 Can these memorials, rags of paper, give
 Life to that name by which name they must live?
 Sickly, alas! short-liv'd, abortive be
 Those carcass verses whose soul is not she;
 And can she, who no longer would be she, 15
 (Being such a tabernacle) stoop to be
 In paper wrapt? or, when she would not lie
 In such an house, dwell in an elegy?

But 't is no matter; we may well allow
Verse to live so long as the world will now, 20
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains;
Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more;
The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;
The officers for hands; merchants for feet, 25
By which remote and distant countries meet:
But those fine spirits which do tune and set
This organ, are those pieces which beget
Wonder and love, and these were she; and she
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit be: 30
For since Death will proceed to triumph still,
He can find nothing after her to kill,
Except the world itself; so great was she.
Thus brave and confident may Nature be;
Death cannot give her such another blow, 35
Because she cannot such another show.
But must we say she's dead? May't not be said,
'That as a sunder'd clock is piece-meal laid,
Not to be lost, but by the maker's hand
Repolish'd, without errour then to stand? 40
Or as the Afrique Niger stream enwombs
Itself into the earth, and after comes
(Having first made a natural bridge, to pass
For many leagues) far greater than it was,
May't not be said that her grave shall restore 45
Her greater, purer, firmer, than before?

Heav'n may say this, and joy in 't; but can we,
 Who live and lack her here, this 'vantage see?
 What is 't to us, alas! if there have been
 An angel made a throne or cherubin? 50
 We lose by 't; and as aged men are glad,
 Being tasteless grown, to joy in joys they had,
 So now the sick-starv'd world must feed upon
 This joy, that we had her who now is gone.
 Rejoyce then, Nature and this world, that you, 55
 Fearing the last fire's hast'ning to subdue
 Your force and vigour ere it were near gone,
 Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;
 One whose clear body was so pure and thin,
 Because it need disguise no thought within, 60
 'Twas but a thro'-light scarf her mind t' enroll,
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her soul;
 One whom all men, who durst no more, admir'd,
 And whom whoe'er had worth enough desir'd.
 As when a temple's built saints emulate 65
 To which of them it shall be consecrate:
 But as when heav'n looks on us with new eyes,
 Those new stars every artist exercise;
 What place they should assign to them they doubt,
 Argue, and agree not, till those stars go out; 70
 So the world study'd whose this piece should be,
 Till she can be no body's else, nor she;
 But like a lamp of balsamum, desir'd
 Rather t' adorn than last, she soon expir'd,

Cloath'd in her virgin-white integrity; 75
For marriage, tho' it doth not stain, doth die.
To 'scape the infirmities which wait upon
Woman, she went away before she was one;
And the world's busie noise to overcome,
Took so much death as serv'd for opium; 80
For tho' she could not, nor could chuse to die,
She' hath yielded to too long on ecstasie.
He which, not knowing her sad history,
Should come to read the book of Destiny, 84
How fair and chaste, humble and high, she' had been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen;
And measuring future things by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either Destiny mistook,
Or that some leaves were torn out of the book: 90
But 't is not so: Fate did but usher her
To years of reason's use, and then infer
Her destiny to' herself, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die:
Her modesty not suffering her to be 95
Fellow-commissioner with Destiny,
She did no more but die. If after her
Any shall live which dare true good prefer,
Every such person is her delegate, 99
T' accomplish that which should have been her fate;
They shall make up that book, and shall have thanks
Of Fate and her for filling up their blanks;

For future virtuous deeds are legacies
Which from the gift of her example rise:
And 't is in heav'n part of spiritual mirth
'To see how well the good play her on earth. 106

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL;

Wherein, by occasion of the religious death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury, the incommodities of the Soul in this life, and her exaltation in the next, are contemplated.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

The Harbinger to the Progress.

Two Souls move here, and mine (a third) must move
Paces of admiration and of love.
'Thy Soul (dear Virgin!) whose this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortal sphear to lively blifs,
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see 5
'The world's last day, thy glory's full degree,
Like as those stars, which thou o'erlookest far,
Are in their place, and yet still moved are.
No Soul (whilst with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee half way, 10
Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
So fast, as now the lightning moves but flow.
But now thou art as high in heav'n flown
As heav'n's from us; what Soul, besides thine own,
Can tell thy joys, or say he can relate 15
Thy glorious journals in that blessed state?

I envy thee, (rich Soul!) I envy thee,
Altho' I cannot yet thy glory see :
And thou, (great Spirit!) which her's follow'd, hast
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast, 20
So far, as none can follow thine so far,
(And if this flesh did not the passage bar
Hadt caught her) let me wonder at thy flight,
Which long agon hadst lost the vulgar fight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they 25
Can see thee lessen'd in thine airy way ;
So while thou mak'st her Soul by progress known,
Thou mak'st a noble progress of thine own.
From this world's carcass having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality; 30
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise,
That more may not beseem a creature's praise;
Yet still thou vow'st her more, and every year
Mak'st a new progress whilst thou wand'rest here;
Still upward mount, and let thy Maker's praise 35
Honour thy Laura, and adorn thy lays;
And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
Oh! let her never stoop below the clouds;
And if those glorious fainted souls may know
Or what we do or what we sing below, 40
These acts, those songs, shall still content them best
Which praise those awful pow'rs that make them
blest. 42

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

NOTHING could make me sooner to confess
 That this world had an everlastingness,
 Than to consider that a year is run
 Since both this lower world's and the sun's fun,
 The lustre and the vigour of this all, 5
 Did set; 't were blasphemy to say did fall.
 But as a ship which hath struck sail doth run
 By force of that force which before it won;
 Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
 Tho' at those two Red seas which freely ran, 10
 One from the trunk, another from the head,
 His soul be sail'd to her eternal bed,
 His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
 As tho' he beck'ned and call'd back his soul,
 He grasps his hands, and he pulls up his feet, 15
 And seems to reach, and to step forth to meet
 His Soul; when all these motions which we saw
 Are but as ice, which crackles at a thaw;
 Or as a lute, which in moist weather rings
 Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings, 20
 So struggles this dead world, now she is gone,
 For there is motion in corruption.
 As some days are at the creation nam'd
 Before the sun, the which fram'd days, was fram'd,

So after this fun 's set some shew appears, 25
 And orderly vicissitude of years.
 Yet a new deluge, and of Lethe flood,
 Hath drown'd us all; all have forgot all good,
 Forgetting her, the main reserve of all :
 Yet in this deluge, gross and general, 30
 Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall be
 To be hereafter prais'd for praising thee,
 Immortal Maid! who tho' thou wouldst refuse
 The name of Mother, be unto my Muse
 A father, since her chaste ambition is 35
 Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
 These hymns may work on future wits, and so
 May great grand-children of thy praises grow;
 And so, tho' not revive, embalm and spice
 The world, which else would putrifie with vice; 40
 For thus man may extend thy progeny
 Until man do but vanish, and not die.
 These hymns thy issue may increase so long,
 As till God's great *Venite* change the song.
 Thirst for that time, O my insatiate Soul! 45
 And serve thy thirst with God's safe sealing bowl.
 Be thirsty still, and drink still, till thou go
 To th' only health; to be hydroptique so,
 Forget this rotten world; and unto thee
 Let thine own times as an old story be. 50
 Be not concern'd; study not why or when;
 Do not so much as not believe a man:

For tho' to err be worst, to try truths forth
 Is far more bus'ness than this world is worth.
 The world is but a carcass; thou art fed 55
 By it but as a worm that carcass bred.
 And why shouldst thou, poor worm! consider more
 When this world will grow better than before?
 Than those thy fellow-worms do think upon
 That carcass's last resurrection? 60
 Forget this world, and scarce think of it so
 As of old clothes cast off a year ago.
 To be thus stupid is alacrity;
 Men thus lethargique have best memory.
 Look upward, that's towards her whose happy state
 We now lament not but congratulate: 66
 She to whom all this world was but a stage,
 Where all sat hark'ning how her youthful age
 Should be employ'd, because in all she did
 Some figure of the golden times was hid; 70
 Who could not lack whate'er this world could give,
 Because she was the form that made it live,
 Nor could complain that this world was unfit
 To be stay'd in then when she was in it:
 She that first try'd indifferent desires 75
 By virtue, and virtue by religious fires;
 She to whose person Paradise adher'd,
 As courts to princes; she whose eyes ensphear'd
 Star-light, enough t' have made the South controll
 (Had she been there) the star-full northern pole; 80

She, she is gone; she's gone! When thou know'st this,
What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
Thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think then, my Soul! that death is but a groom 85
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou spy'st first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight;
For such approaches doth heav'n make in death:
Think thyself labouring now with broken breath, 90
And think those broken and soft notes to be
Division, and thy happiest harmony:
Think thee laid on thy deathbed, loose and slack,
And think that but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy Soul, from thence: 95
Think thyself parch'd with fever's violence,
Anger thine ague more by calling it
Thy phthysic; chide the slackness of the fit:
Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more
But that, as bells call'd thee to church before, 100
So this to the triumphant church calls thee:
Think Satan's serjeants round about thee be,
And think that but for legacies they thrust;
Give one thy pride, t' another give thy lust; 104
Give them those sins which they gave thee before,
And trust th' immaculate blood to wash thy score:
Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
Weep but because they go not yet thy way:

Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this
 That they confesse much in the world amiss, 110
 Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that
 Which they from God and angels cover not :
 Think that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
 They re-invest thee in white innocence :
 Think that thy body rots, and (if so low, 115
 Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can go)
 Think thee a prince, who of themselves create
 Worms, which insensibly devour their state :
 Think that they bury thee, and think that rite
 Lays thee to sleep but a Saint Lucie's night : 120
 Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
 Drowsie or slack, remember then that she,
 She, whose complexion was so even made,
 That which of her ingredients should invade
 The other three no fear, no art, could guess, 125
 So far were all remov'd from more or less :
 But as in Mithridate, or just perfumes,
 Where all good things being met, no one presumes
 To govern or to triumph on the rest,
 Only because all were, no part was best : 130
 And as, tho' all do know that quantities
 Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,
 None can these lines or quantities unjoynt,
 And say this is a line or this a point ;
 So tho' the elements and humours were 135
 In her, one could not say this governs there,

Whose even constitution might have won
 Any disease to venture on the fun
 Rather than her, and make a spirit fear,
 That he too disuniting subject were, 140
 To whose proportions if we would compare
 Cubes, they're unstable, circles angular:
 She who was such a chain as Fate employs
 To bring mankind all fortunes it enjoys,
 So fast, so even wrought, as one would think 145
 No accident could threaten any link;
 She, she embrac'd a sickness, gave it meat,
 The purest blood and breath that e'er it ate,
 And hath taught us, that tho' a good man hath
 Title to heav'n, and plead it by his faith, 150
 And tho' he may pretend a conquest, since
 Heav'n was content to suffer violence;
 Yea, tho' he plead a long possession too,
 (For they're in heav'n on earth who heav'n's works
 Tho' he had right, and pow'r, and place, before, [do)
 Yet death must usher and unlock the door: 156
 Think further on thyself, my Soul! and think
 How thou at first wast made but in a link:
 Think that it argued some infirmity,
 That those two Souls, which then thou foundst in me,
 Thou fedst upon, and drew'st into thee, both 161
 My second Soul of sense and first of growth:
 Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious,
 Whom a small lump of flesh could poison thus:

This curdled milk, this poor unlitter'd whelp, 165
 My body could, beyond escape or help,
 Infect thee with orig'nal sin, and thou
 Couldst neither then refuse nor leave it now :
 Think that no stubborn fullen anchorit,
 Which, fixt t' a pillar or a grave, doth sit 170
 Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
 So foully as our Souls in their first-built cells:
 Think in how poor a prison thou dost ly,
 After enabled but to suck and cry :
 Think when 't was grown to, most 't was a poor inn,
 A province pack'd up in two yards of skin, 176
 And that usurp'd or threaten'd with a rage
 Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age :
 But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
 Thou hast thy' expansion now, and liberty : 180
 Think that a rusty piece discharg'd is flown
 In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
 And freely flies : this to thy Soul allow ;
 Think thy shell broke, think thy Soul hatcht but now ;
 And think this flow-pac'd Soul, which late did cleave
 T' a body, and went but by the body's leave, 186
 Twenty perchance or thirty mile a-day,
 Dispatches in a minute all the way
 'Twixt heav'n and earth ; she stays not in the air,
 To look what meteors there themselves prepare ; 190
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
 Whether th' air's middle region be intense ;

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For th' element of fire, she doth not know
 Whether she pass'd by such a place or no;
 She baits not at the moon, nor cares to try 195
 Whether in that new world men live and die:
 Venus retards her not, t' enquire how she
 Can (being one star) Hesper and Vesper be:
 He that charm'd Argus' eyes, sweet Mercury,
 Works not on her, who now is grown all eye; 200
 Who, if she meet the body of the sun,
 Goes thro', not staying till his course be run;
 Who finds in Mars his camp no corps of guard,
 Nor is by Jove nor by his father barr'd;
 But ere she can consider how she went, 205
 At once is at and thro' the firmament:
 And as these stars were but so many beads
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
 Her thro' those sphears, as thro' those beads a string,
 Whose quick succession makes it still one thing; 210
 As doth the pith which, left our bodies slack,
 Strings fast the little bones of neck and back;
 So by the Soul doth death string heav'n and earth;
 For when our Soul enjoys this her third birth,
 (Creation gave her one, a second grace) 215
 Heaven is near, and present to her face,
 As colours are and objects in a room,
 Where darkness was before, when tapers come.
 'This must, my Soul! thy long short progress be
 T' advance these thoughts; remember then that she,

She whose fair body no such prison was, 221
 But that a Soul might well be pleas'd to pass
 An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent
 Mintage to other beauties, for they went
 But for so much as they were like to her; 225
 She in whose body (if we dare prefer
 'This low world to so high a mark as she)
 The western treasure, eastern spicery,
 Europe and Africk, and the unknown rest,
 Were eas'ly found, or what in them was best: 230
 And when we 'ave made this large discovery
 Of all, in her some one part then will be
 'Twenty such parts, whose plenty' and riches is
 Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
 She, whom had they known, who did first betroth
 The tutelar angels, and assign'd one both 236
 To nations, cities, and to companies,
 To functions, offices, and dignities,
 And to each several man, to him and him,
 'They would have giv'n her one for every limb; 240
 She of whose Soul, if we may say 't was gold,
 Her body was th' electrum, and did hold
 Many degrees of that. We understood
 Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, 245
 That one might almost say her body thought;
 She, she thus richly' and largely hous'd, is gone,
 And chides us, slow-pac'd snails! who crawl upon

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Our prison's prison, earth, nor think us well
Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell. 250
But 't were but little to have chang'd our room
If, as we were in this our living tomb
Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so.
Poor Soul! in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
Thou know'st thyself so little, as thou know'st not
How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot. 256
Thou neither know'st how thou at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poyson of man's sin;
Ner dost thou (tho' thou know'st that thou art so)
By what way thou art made immortal know. 260
Thou art too narrow, Wretch! to comprehend
Even thyself, yea, tho' thou wouldst but bend
To know thy body. Have not all Souls thought,
For many ages, that our body's wrought
Of air, and fire, and other elements? 265
And now they think of new ingredients;
And one Soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and 't is an even lay.
Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
The bladder's cave, and never break the skin? 270
Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th' other go?
And for the putrid stuff which thou dost spit,
Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no passages, so that there is 275
(For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.

And of those many' opinions, which men raise
 Of nails and hairs, dost thou know which to praise?
 What hope have we to know ourselves, when we
 Know not the least things which for our use be? 280
 We see in authors, too stiff to recant,
 A hundred controversies of an ant;
 And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
 To know but catechisms and alphabets
 Of unconcerning things: matters of fact, 285
 How others on our stage their parts did act,
 What Cæsar did, yea, and what Cicero said,
 Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto:
 In this low form, poor Soul! what wilt thou do? 290
 Oh! when wilt thou shake off this pedantry
 Of being taught by sense and fantasie?
 Thou look'st thro' spectacles; small things seem great
 Below; but up unto the watch-tower get,
 And see all things despoil'd of fallacies: 295
 Thou shalt not peep thro' lattices of eyes,
 Nor hear thro' labyrinths of ears, nor learn
 By circuit or collections to discern:
 In heav'n thou straight know'st all concerning it,
 And what concerns it not shall straight forget. 300
 There thou (but in no other school) mayst be
 Perchance as learned and as full as she;
 She, who all libraries had th'roughly read
 At home in her own thoughts, and practised

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So much good as would make as many more; 305
She, whose example they must all implore,
Who would or do or think well, and confess
That all the virtuous actions they express
Are but a new and worse edition
Of her some one thought, or one action; 310
She who, in th' art of knowing Heav'n, was grown
Here upon earth to such perfection,
That she hath, ever since to heav'n she came,
(In a far fairer print) but read the same;
She, she not satisfy'd with all this weight, 315
(For so much knowledge as would over-fraight
Another did but ballast her) is gone
As well t' enjoy as get perfection,
And calls us after her, in that she took
(Taking herself) our best and worthiest book. 320
Return not, my Soul! from this ecstasie
And meditation of what thou shalt be
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear
With whom thy conversation must be there.
With whom wilt thou converse? What station 325
Canst thou chuse out free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine?
Shalt thou not find a spongy slack divine
Drink and suck in th' instructions of great men,
And for the word of God vent them agen? 330
Are there not some courts (and then no things be
So like as courts) which in this let us see

That wits and tongues of libellers are weak,
 Because they do more ill than these can speak?
 'The poyson's gone thro' all; poysons affect 335
 Chiefly the chiefest parts; but some effect
 In nails, and hairs, yea, excrements, will show:
 So lies the poyson of sin in the most low.
 Up, up, my drowfy Soul! where thy new ear
 Shall in the angels' songs no discord hear; 340
 Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
 Joy in not being that which men have said;
 Where she's exalted more for being good
 Than for her interest of motherhood:
 Up to those patriarchs which did longer fit 345
 Expecting Christ than they've enjoy'd him yet;
 Up to those prophets which now gladly see
 Their prophecies grown to be history;
 Up to th' apostles, who did bravely run
 All the sun's course with more light than the sun;
 Up to those martyrs who did calmly bleed 351
 Oyl to th' apostle's lamps, dew to their seed;
 Up to those virgins who thought that almost
 They made joynt-tenants with the Holy Ghost,
 If they to any should his temple give: 355
 Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live
 She who hath carried thither new degrees
 (As to their number) to their dignities;
 She who, being to herself a state, enjoy'd
 All royalties which any state employ'd; 360

For she made wars and triumph'd; reason still
 Did not o'erthrow, but rectifie her will;
 And she made peace, for no peace is like this,
 That beauty' and chastity together kifs :
 She did high justice, for she crucify'd 365
 Ev'ry first motion of rebellion's pride;
 And she gave pardons, and was liberal,
 For, only' herself except, she pardon'd all:
 She coynd in this, that her impressiion gave
 To all our actions all the worth they have : 370
 She gave protections; the thoughts of her breast
 Satan's rude officers could ne'er arrest.
 As these prerogatives being met in one
 Made her a soveraign state, religion
 Made her a church; and these two made her all. 375
 She, who was all this all, and could not fall
 To worse by company, (for she was still
 More antidote than all the world was ill)
 She, she doth leave it, and by death survive
 All this in heav'n, whither who doth not strive 380
 The more because she's there, he doth not know
 That accidental joys in heav'n do grow.
 But pause, my Soul! and study, ere thou fall
 On accidental joys, th' essential.
 Still before accessories do abide 385
 A tryal must the principal be try'd.
 And what essential joy canst thou expect
 Here upon earth? what permanent effect

Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
 Beauty? (and beauty worthiest is to move) 390
 Poor cozen'd Cozener! that she, and that thou,
 Which did begin to love, are neither now;
 You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
 Next day repairs (but ill) last day's decay;
 Nor are (altho' the river keep the name) 395
 Yesterday's waters and to-day's the same.
 So flows her face and thine eyes, neither now
 That saint nor pilgrim which your loving vow
 Concern'd, remains; but whilst you think you be
 Constant, y' are hourly in inconstancy. 400
 Honour may have pretence unto our love,
 Because that God did live so long above
 Without this honour, and then lov'd it so,
 That he at last made creatures to bestow
 Honour on him; not that he needed it, 405
 But that to his hands man might grow more fit:
 But since all honours from inferiours flow,
 (For they do give it, princes do but show
 Whom they would have so honour'd) and that this
 On such opinions and capacities 410
 Is built as rise and fall to more and less:
 Alas! 't is but a casual happiness.
 Hath ever any man t' himself assign'd
 This or that happiness t' arrest his mind,
 But that another man, which takes a worse, 415
 Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that course?

They who did labour Babel's tow'r t' erect,
Might have consider'd, that for that effect
All this whole solid earth could not allow,
Nor furnish forth materials enow; 420
And that his center, to raise such a place,
Was far too little to have been the base.
No more affords this world foundation
T' erect true joy, were all the means in one.
But as the Heathen made them several gods 425
Of all God's benefits and all his rods,
(For as the wine, and corn, and onions, are
Gods unto them, so agues be and war)
And as by changing that whole precious gold
To such small copper coynes they lost the old, 430
And lost their only God, who ever-must
Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:
So much mankind true happiness mistakes,
No joy enjoys that man that many makes.
Then, Soul! to thy first pitch work up again; 435
Know that all lines which circles do contain,
For once that they the centre touch, do touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou such;
Double on heav'n thy thoughts on earth employ'd;
All will not serve; only who have enjoy'd 440
The sight of God in fulness can think it;
For it is both the object and the wit.
This is essential joy, where neither he
Can suffer diminution nor we;

'Tis such a full and such a filling good, 445
 Had th' angels once look'd on him they had stood.
 'To fill the place of one of them, or more,
 She whom we celebrate is gone before;
 She, who had here so much essential joy,
 As no chance could distract, much less destroy; 450
 Who with God's presence was acquainted so,
 (Hearing and speaking to him) as to know
 His face in any natural stone or tree,
 Better than when in images they be;
 Who kept, by diligent devotion, 455
 God's image in such reparation
 Within her heart, that what decay was grown
 Was her first parents' fault, and not her own;
 Who, being solicited to any act,
 Still heard God pleading his safe precontract; 460
 Who by a faithful confidence was here
 Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
 Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
 Who dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray;
 Who being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to be 465
 Both where more grace and more capacity
 At once is given: she to heav'n is gone,
 Who made this world in some proportion
 A heav'n, and here became unto us all
 Joy (as our joys admit) essential. 470
 But could this low world joys essential touch,
 Heav'n's accidental joys would pass them much.

How poor and lame must then our casual be?
 If thy prince will his subjects to call thee
 My Lord, and this do swell thee, thou art then, 475
 By being greater, grown to be less man.
 When no physician of redress can speak,
 A joyful casual violence may break
 A dangerous apostem in thy breast,
 And whilst thou joy'st in this the dangerous rest, 480
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
 Whate'er was casual may ever be.
 What should the nature change? or make the same
 Certain, which was but casual, when it came?
 All casual joy doth loud and plainly say, 485
 Only by coming, that it can away.
 Only in heav'n joy's strength is never spent,
 And accidental things are permanent.
 Joy of a Soul's arrival ne'er decays;
 (For that Soul ever joys, and ever stays) 490
 Joy that their last great consummation
 Approaches in the resurrection,
 When earthly bodies more celestial
 Shall be than angels were, for they could fall;
 'This kind of joy doth every day admit 495
 Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
 In this fresh joy 't is no small part that she,
 She, in whose goodness he that names degree
 Doth injure her; ('t is loss to be call'd best,
 There where the stuff is not such as the rest) 500

She, who left such a body, as even she
 Only in heav'n could learn how it can be
 Made better, for she rather was two Souls,
 Or like to full on both sides-written rolls,
 Where eyes might read upon the outward skin 505
 As strong records for God as minds within;
 She who, by making full perfection grow,
 Pieces a circle, and still keeps it so,
 Long'd for, and longing for't, to heav'n is gone,
 Where she receives and gives addition. 510
 Here in a place, where misdevotion frames
 A thousand prayers to saints, whose very names
 The ancient church knew not, Heav'n knows not yet,
 And where what laws of poetry admit,
 Laws of religion have at least the same, 515
 Immortal Maid! I might invoke thy name.
 Could any saint provoke that appetite,
 Thou here shouldst make me a French convertite;
 But thou wouldst not, nor wouldst thou be content
 'To take this for my second year's true rent. 520
 Did this coyn bear any other stamp than his
 That gave thee power to do, me to say this?
 Since his will is that to posterity
 Thou shouldst for life and death a pattern be;
 And that the world should notice have of this, 525
 The purpose and th' authority is his:
 Thou art the proclamation, and I am
 The trumpet, at whose voice the people came. 528

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

UPON THE DEATHS OF SUNDRY PERSONAGES.

AN ELEGIE

On the untimely Death of

THE INCOMPARABLE PRINCE HENRY.

Look to me, Faith! and look to my faith, God,
For both my centers feel this period.
Of weight one center, one of greatness, is,
And reason is that center, faith is this;
For into' our reason flow, and there do end, 5
All that this natural world doth comprehend;
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in for man in one circumference;
But for th' enormous greatnesſes which are
So disproportion'd and ſo angular, 10
As is God's eſſence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what, ſouls do departed hence:
Theſe things (eccentrique eſſe) on faith do ſtrike,
Yet neither all nor upon all alike;
For Reason, put t' her beſt extension, 15
Almoſt meets Faith, and makes both centers one;
And nothing ever came ſo near to this
As contemplation of that Prince we miſs;

For all that Faith might credit, mankind could,
 Reason still seconded, that this Prince would. 20
 If then least moving of the center make,
 More than if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,
 What must this do, centers distracted so,
 That we see not what to believe or know?
 Was it not well believ'd till now that he, 25
 Whose reputation was an ecstasie,
 On neighbour states, which knew not why to wake,
 Till he discover'd what ways he would take;
 For whom what princes angled, when they try'd
 Met a torpedo, and were stupify'd; 30
 And others' studies, how he would be bent,
 Was his great father's greatest instrument,
 And activ'st spirit, to convey and tie
 This soul of peace unto Christianity?
 Was it not well believ'd that he would make 35
 This general peace th' eternal overtake,
 And that his times might have stretcht out so far
 As to touch those of which they emblems are?
 For to confirm this just belief, that now
 The last days came, we saw heav'n did allow 40
 That, but from his aspect and exercise,
 In peaceful times rumours of wars should rise.
 But now this faith is heresie, we must
 Still stay, and vex our great grandmother Dust.
 Oh! is God prodigal? Hath he spent his store 45
 Of plagues on us, and only now, when more

Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery,
And will not let 's enjoy our curse, to dye?
As for the earth, thrown lowest down of all,
'T were an ambition to desire to fall;
So God, in our desire to dye, doth know
Our plot for ease, in being wretched so:
Therefore we live, tho' such a life we have
As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done, 55
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Sustains in us, earth, which griefs animate?
Nor hath our world now other soul than that;
And could grief get so high as heav'n, that quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would desire 60
(With grief to see him) he had stay'd below,
To rectifie our errours they foreknow.
Is th' other center, reason, faster then?
Where should we look for that, now we're not men?
For if our reason be our connection 65
Of causes, now to us there can be none:
For, as if all the substances were spent,
It were madness to enquire of accident;
So is 't to look for Reason, he being gone,
The only subject Reason wrought upon. 70
If Fate have such a chain, whose divers links
Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and so steal in
A new link, man knows not where to begin;

At a much deader fault must reason be, 75
 Death having broke off such a link as he.
 But now for us with busy proof to come
 That we 'ave no reason would prove we had some ;
 So would just lamentations; therefore we
 May safer say that we are dead than he. 80
 So if our griefs we do not well declare
 We 'ave double excuse; he's not dead, we are.
 Yet would not I die yet; for tho' I be
 Too narrow to think him as he is he,
 (Our souls best baiting and mid period 85
 In her long journey of considering God)
 Yet (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
 As he embrac'd the fires of love with us.
 Oh! may I (since I live) but see or hear
 That she-intelligence which mov'd this sphear, 90
 I pardon Fate my life: whoe'er thou be
 Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she.
 I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
 By th' oaths which only you two never broke,
 By all the souls ye sigh'd, that if you see 95
 These lines, you wish I knew your history.
 So much, as you two mutual heav'ns were here,
 I were an angel singing what you were. 98

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75
TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

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I HAVE learned by those laws, wherein I am little conversant, that he which bestows any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not his heir. I do not therefore send this paper to your Ladyship that you should thank me for it, or think that I thank you in it; your favours and benefits to me are so much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which must express it. But, Madam, since your noble brother's fortune being your's, the evidences also concerning it are your's; so his virtues being your's, the evidences concerning that belong also to you, of which, by your acceptance, this may be one piece; in which quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how entirely your family possesseth

Your Ladyship's most humble and thankful servant,

J. DONNE.

95
OBSEQUIES

ON THE LORD HARRINGTON, &c.

98
To the Countess of Bedford.

FAIR Soul! which wast not only', as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But didst continue so, and now dost bear
A part in God's great organ, this whole sphear,

If looking up to God, or down to us, 3
 Thou find that any way is pervious
 'Twixt heav'n and earth, and that men's actions do
 Come to your knowledge and affections too,
 See, and with joy, me to that good degree
 Of goodness grown that I can study thee, 10
 And by these meditations refin'd
 Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
 And so can make, by this soft ecstasie,
 This place a map of heav'n, myself of thee.
 Thou seest me here at midnight now all rest; 15
 Time's dead low-water, when all minds divest
 To-morrow's business, when the lab'ers have
 Such rest in bed, that their last churchyard grave
 Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this.
 Now when the client, whose last hearing is 20
 To-morrow, sleeps; when the condemned man,
 (Who when he opes his eyes must shut them then
 Again by death) altho' sad watch he keep,
 Doth practise dying by a little sleep,
 Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon 25
 As that sun rises to me midnight's noon;
 All the world grows transparent, and I see
 Thro' all, both church and state, in seeing thee;
 And I discern, by favour of this light,
 Myself, the hardest object of the sight. 30
 God is the glass, as thou, when thou dost see
 Him, who sees all, seest all concerning thee:

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So, yet unglorify'd, I comprehend
All in these mirrours of thy ways and end.
Tho' God be our true glafs, thro' which we see 35
All, since the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men; for by their being here
Virtues indeed remote seem to be near. 40
But where can I affirm or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodies change, and as I do not wear 45
Those spirits, humours, blood, I did last year;
And as if on a stream I fix mine eye,
That drop which I look'd on is presently
Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone;
So in this sea of virtues can no one 50
Be' insisted on. Virtues as rivers pass,
Yet still remains that virtuous man there was.
And as if man feed on man's flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise, 55
Because God knows where every atome lies;
So if one knowledge were made of all those
Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
His virtues into names and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Virtue, and Destiny, 60

Should I divide and discontinue so
Virtue, which did in one entireness grow :
For as he that should say spirits are fram'd
Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not spirits half so much as he 65
Which says they have no parts but simple be;
So is't of virtue; for a point and one
Are much entirer than a million.
And had Fate meant t' have had his virtues told,
It would have let him live to have been old: 70
So then that virtue in season, and then this,
We might have seen and said that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just.
In good short lives virtues are fain to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place, 75
When they would exercise lack time and space.
So was it in this person, forc'd to be,
For lack of time, his own epitome;
So to exhibit in few years as much
As all the long-breath'd chroniclers can touch. 80
As when an angel down from heav'n doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company;
We cannot think now he is at the sun,
Now thro' the moon, now thro' the air doth run;
Yet when he's come we know he did repair 85
To all 'twixt heav'n and earth, sun, moon, and air;
And as this angel in an instant knows,
And yet we know this suddain knowledge grows

By quick amassing several forms of things
 Which he successively to order brings, 90
 When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot
 So fast as he, think that he doth not so; 95
 Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell
 On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
 Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see, 95
 And lay together every A and B;
 So in short-liv'd good men's not understood
 Each several virtue, but the compound good;
 For they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
 As angels go and know, and as men read. 100
 O! why should then these men, these lumps of balm,
 Sent hither the world's tempest to becalm,
 Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,
 And to make us alive themselves be dead? 105
 O Soul! O Circle! why so quickly be
 Thy ends, thy birth, and death, clos'd up in thee?
 Since one foot of thy compass still was plac'd
 In heav'n, the other might securely have pac'd
 In the most large extent thro' every path 109
 Which the whole world, or man, th' abridgment, hath.
 Thou knowest that tho' the tropique circles have
 (Yea, and those small ones which the poles engrave)
 All the same roundness, evenness, and all
 The endlessness of th' equinoctial,
 Yet when we come to measure distances, 115
 How here, how there, the sun affected is,

When he doth faintly work, and when prevail,
 Only great circles then can be our scale:
 So tho' thy circle to thyself express
 All tending to thy endless happiness, 120
 And we, by our good use of it, may try
 Both how to live well (young) and how to dye;
 Yet since we must be old, and age endures
 His Torrid zone at court and calentures,
 Of hot ambition, irreligion's ice, 125
 Zeal's agues, and hydroptique avarice,
 (Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
 As well as lust and ignorance of youth)
 Why didst thou not for these give med'cines too,
 And by thy doing tell us what to do? 130
 Tho' as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel
 Doth each mismotion and distemper feel,
 Whose hands get shaking palsies, and whose string
 (His sinews) slackens, and whose soul, the spring,
 Expires or languishes; whose pulse, the fly, 135
 Either beats not, or beats unevenly;
 Whose voice, the bell, doth rattle or grow dumb,
 Or idle as men which to their last hour come;
 If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
 Or be not set, or set at every will; 140
 So youth is easiest to destruction,
 If then we follow all, or follow none.
 Yet as in great clocks which in steeples chime,
 Plac'd to inform whole towns t' employ their time,

An error doth more harm, being general, 145
 When small clocks' faults only on th' wearer fall;
 So work the faults of age, on which the eye
 Of children, servants, or the state, rely.
 Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a soul,
 A clock so true as might the sun controul, 150
 And daily hadst from him who gave it thee
 Instructions, such as it could never be
 Disorder'd, stay here, as a general
 And great sun-dial, to have set us all?
 Oh! why wouldst thou be an instrument 155
 To this unnatural course? or why consent
 To this not miracle but prodigy,
 That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
 Virtue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
 Should so much faster ebb out than flow in? 160
 Tho' her flood were blown in by thy first breath,
 All is at once sunk in the whirlpool death;
 Which word I would not name, but that I see
 Death, else a desert, grown a court by thee.
 Now I am sure that if a man would have 165
 Good company, his entry is a grave.
 Methinks all cities now but ant-hills be,
 Where, when the several labourers I see
 For children, house, provision, taking pain,
 They're all but ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain;
 And church-yards are our cities, unto which 171
 The most repair that are in goodness rich:

There is the best concourse and confluence,
 There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
 Begins God's city, New Jerusalem, 157
 Which doth extend her utmost gates to them :
 At that gate then, triumphant Soul! dost thou
 Begin thy triumph : but since laws allow
 That at the triumph-day the people may
 All that they will 'gainst the triumpher say, 180
 Let me here use that freedom, and express
 My grief, tho' not to make thy triumph less.
 By law to triumphs none admitted be
 Till they, as magistrates, get victory;
 Tho' then to thy force all youth's foes did yield, 185
 Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field
 To which thy rank in this state destin'd thee,
 That there thy counsels might get victory,
 And so in that capacity remove
 All jealousies 'twixt prince and subjects' love, 190
 'Thou couldst no title to this triumph have,
 'Thou didst intrude on death, usurp a grave.
 'Then (tho' victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
 But with thine own affections, with the heat
 Of youth's desires, and colds of ignorance, 195
 But till thou shouldst successfully advance
 Thine arms 'gainst foreign enemies, which are,
 Both envy and acclamations popular,
 (For both these engines equally defeat,
 Tho' by a diverse myne, those which are great) 200

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Till then thy war was but a Civil war,
For which to triumph none admitted are;
No more are they who, tho' with good success,
In a defensive war their power express.
Before men triumph, the dominion 205
Must be enlarg'd, and not preserv'd alone:
Why shouldst thou then, whose battles were to win
Thyself from those straits Nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that state
Of which he gave thee the vicariate, 210
(Which is thy soul and body) as entire
As he who takes indentures doth require;
But did'st not stay t' enlarge his kingdom too,
By making others what thou didst to do: 214
Why shouldst thou triumph now, when heav'n no more
Hath got, by getting thee, than 't had before?
For heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
Of one another in possession were:
But this from triumph most disables thee,
That that place which is conquered must be 220
Left safe from present war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out.
And hath he left us so? or can it be
This territory was no more than he?
No; we were all his charge: the diocese 225
Of ev'ry exemplar man the whole world is;
And he was joyned in commission
With tutelar angels, sent to every one.

But tho' this freedom to upbraid and chide
 Him who triumph'd were lawful, it was ty'd 230
 With this, that it might never reference have
 Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave:
 Men might at Pompey jest, but they might not
 At that authority by which he got
 Leave to triumph before by age he might; 235
 So tho', triumphant Soul! I dare to write,
 Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus,
 That thou so early wouldst abandon us,
 Yet I am far from daring to dispute
 With that great Sovereignty, whose absolute 240
 Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee
 'Gainst Nature's laws, which just impugn'ers be
 Of early triumphs: and I (tho' with pain)
 Lessen our loss to magnifie thy gain
 Of triumph, when I say it was more fit 245
 That all men should lack thee than thou lack it.
 Tho' then in our times be not suffered
 That testimony of love unto the dead
 To dye with them, and in their graves be hid,
 As Saxon wives and French *soldarii* did; 250
 And tho' in no degree I can express
 Grief in great Alexander's great excess,
 Who at his friend's death made whole towns divest
 Their walls and bulwarks which became them best;
 Do not, fair Soul! this sacrifice refuse, 255
 That in thy grave I do inter my Muse,

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Which by my grief, great as thy worth, being cast
Behindhand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last. 258

AN ELEGIE

ON THE LADY MARKHAM.

MAN is the world, and death the ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This sea invirons all, and tho' as yet
God hath set marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and still pretend 5
To break our bank whene'er it takes a friend:
Then our land-waters (tears of passion) vent;
Our waters then above our firmament
(Tears, which our soul doth for our sins let fall)
Take all a brackish taste and funeral, 10
And even those tears which should wash sin are sin:
We, after God, new-drown our world again.
Nothing but man, of all invenom'd things,
Doth work upon itself with inborn stings.
Tears are false spectacles; we cannot see 15
Thro' passion's mist what we are, or what she:
In her this sea of death hath made no breach;
But as the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
And leaves embroider'd works upon the sand,
So is her flesh refin'd by Death's cold hand. 20
As men of China, after an age's stay,
Do take up porc'lane where they buried clay,

So at this grave, her limbeck, (which refines
 The diamonds, rubies, saphires, pearls, and mynes,
 Of which this flesh was) her soul shall inspire 25
 Flesh of such stuff as God, when his last fire
 Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall
 Make and name them th' Elixir of this all.
 They say the sea when it gains loseth too.
 If carnal Death (the younger brother) do 30
 Usurp the body, our soul, which subject is
 To th' elder Death by sin, is freed by this;
 They perish both when they attempt the just;
 For graves our trophies are, and both Death's dust.
 So, unobnoxious now, she 'ath buried both; 35
 For none to death sins that to sin is loth;
 Nor do they die which are not loth to die;
 So hath she this and that virginity.
 Grace was in her extremely diligent,
 That kept her from sin, yet made her repent. 40
 Of what small spots pure white complains! Alas!
 How little poyson cracks a chrystal glasse!
 She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
 That God's Word must be true, "All sinners be."
 So much did zeal her conscience rarifie, 45
 That extreame truth lack'd little of a lie,
 Making omissions acts, laying the touch
 Of sin on things that some time may be such.
 As Moses' cherubins, whose natures do
 Surpass all speed, by him are winged too; 50

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So would her soul, already' in heav'n, seem then
 To climb by tears the common flairs of men.
 How fit she was for God I am content
 To speak, that Death his vain haste may repent :
 How fit for us, how even and how sweet, 55
 How good in all her titles, and how meet
 To have reform'd this forward heresie,
 That women can no parts of friendship be :
 How moral, how divine, shall not be told,
 Lest they that hear her virtues think her old, 60
 And lest we take Death's part, and make him glad
 Of such a prey, and to his triumph add. 62

ELEGIE ON MRS. BOULSTRED.

DEATH ! I recant, and say, unsaid by me
 Whate'er hath slipt that might diminish thee.
 Spiritual treason, atheism, 't is, to say
 That any can thy summons disobey.
 Th' earth's face is but thy table ; there are set 5
 Plants, cattle, men, dishes for Death to eat.
 In a rude hunger now he millions draws
 Into his bloody, or plaguy, or starv'd jaws :
 Now he will seem to spare, and doth more waste,
 Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last : 10
 Now wantonly he spoils and eats us not,
 But breaks off friends, and lets us piece-meal rot.
 Nor will this earth serve him ; he sinks the deep,
 Where harmless fish monastique silence keep ;

Who (were Death dead) the rows of living sand 15
 Might sponge that element, and make it land.
 He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnique notes
 In birds' (heav'n's choristers) organique throats,
 Which (if they did not dye) might seem to be .
 A tenth rank in the heav'nly hierarchie. 20
 O strong and long-liv'd Death! how cam'st thou in?
 And how without creation didst begin?
 Thou hast and shalt see dead before thou dy'st
 All the four monarchies and Antichrist.
 How could I think thee nothing, that see now 25
 In all this all nothing else is but thou?
 Our births and lives, vices and virtues, be
 Wasteful consumptions and degrees of thee;
 For we to live our bellows wear and breath,
 Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death: 30
 And tho' thou bee'st (O mighty bird of prey!)
 So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
 All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth he
 Reserve but few, and leaves the most for thee;
 And of those few, now thou hast overthrown 35
 One whom thy blow makes not ours nor thine own:
 She was more stories high: hopeless to come
 To' her soul, thou' hast offer'd at her lower room.
 Her soul and body was a king and court,
 But thou hast both of captain mis'd and fort. 40
 As houses fall not, tho' the kings remove,
 Bodies of saints rest for their souls above.

Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place
 As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and grace :
 Both work a separation, no divorce : 45
 Her soul is gone to usher up her corse,
 Which shall be' almost another soul, for there
 Bodies are purer than best souls are here.
 Because in her her virtues did outgo
 Her years, wouldst thou, O emulous Death! do so,
 And kill her young to thy loss? Must the cost 51
 Of beauty' and wit, apt to do harm, be lost?
 What tho' thou foundst her proof 'gainst sins of youth?
 Oh! every age a diverse sin pursu'th.
 Thou shouldst have stay'd, and taken better hold : 55
 Shortly ambitious, covetous when old,
 She might have prov'd; and such devotion
 Might once have stray'd to superstition.
 If all her virtues might have grown, yet might
 Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight. 60
 Had she persever'd just, there would have been
 Some that would sin, mis-thinking she did sin;
 Such as would call her friendship Love, and feign
 To sociableness a name prophane,
 Or sin by tempting, or, not daring that, 65
 By wishing, tho' they never told her what.
 Thus might'st thou 'ave slain more souls, hadst thou
 Thyself, and to triumph thine army lost. [not cross
 Yet tho' these ways be lost thou hast left one,
 Which is, immoderate grief that she is gone : 70

But we may 'scape that sin, yet weep as much;
 Our tears are due, because we are not such.
 Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
 Because the chain is broke, tho' no link lost. 74

ELEGIE ON MRS. BOULSTRED.

DEATH! be not proud; thy hand gave not this blow;
 Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow;
 The executioner of wrath thou art,
 But to destroy the just is not thy part.
 Thy coming terrour, anguish, grief, denounces; 5
 Her happy state courage, ease, joy, pronounces.
 From out the crystal palace of her breast
 The clearer soul was call'd to endless rest,
 (Not by the thund'ring voice wherewith God threatens,
 But as with crowned saints in heav'n he treats) 10
 And, waited on by angels, home was brought,
 To joy that it thro' many dangers fought:
 The key of mercy gently did unlock
 The door 'twixt heav'n and it when life did knock.
 Nor boast the fairest frame was made thy prey, 15
 Because to mortal eyes it did decay;
 A better witness than thou art assures,
 That tho' dissolv'd it yet a space endures;
 No dram thereof shall want, or loss sustain,
 When her best soul inhabits it again. 20

Go then to people curst before they were,
 Their souls in triumph to thy conquest bear.
 Glory not thou thyself in these hot tears,
 Which our face not for her, but our harm, wears.
 The mourning livery giv'n by Grace, not thee, 25
 Which wills our souls in these streams washt should be,
 And on our hearts, her memorie's best tomb,
 In this her epitaph doth write thy doom.
 Blind were those eyes saw not how bright did shine,
 Thro' flesh's misty vail, those beams divine; 30
 Deaf were the ears not charm'd with that sweet sound
 Which did i' th' spirit's instructed voice abound;
 Of flint the conscience did not yield and melt
 At what in her last act it saw and felt.

Weep not, nor grudge, then, to have lost her fight,
 Taught thus our after-stay's but a short night; 36
 But by all souls not by corruption choak'd,
 Let in high rais'd notes that pow'r be invok'd,
 Calm the rough seas by which she sails to rest,
 From sorrows here t' a kingdom ever blest; 40
 And teach this hymn of her with joy, and sing,
 "The Grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting".

ELEGIE ON HIS MISTRESS.

By our first strange and fatal interview,
 By all desires which thereof did ensue;

K ij

By our long-striving hopes; by that remorse
 Which my words' masculine perswasive force
 Begot in thee, and by the memory 5
 Of hurts which spies and rivals threaten'd me,
 I calmly beg: but by thy father's wrath,
 By all pains which want and divorcement hath,
 I conjure thee, and all the oaths which I
 And thou have sworn to seal joynt constancy, 10
 I here unswear, and overswear them thus;
 Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.
 Temper, O fair Love! love's impetuous rage;
 Be my true mistress, not my feigned page.
 I'll go, and, by thy kind leave leave behind 15
 Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind.
 Thirst to come back. O! if thou die before,
 My soul from other lands to thee shall soar:
 Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
 Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love, 20
 Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness: thou hast read
 How roughly he in pieces shivered
 Fair Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.
 Fall ill or good, 't is madness to have prov'd
 Dangers unurg'd: feed on this flattery, 25
 That absent lovers one in th' other be.
 Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
 Thy body's habit nor mind: be not strange
 To thyself only: all will spy in thy face
 A blushing womanly discovering grace. 30

Richly cloath'd apes are call'd apes; and as soon
 Eclips'd as bright we call the moon the moon.
 Men of France changeable chameleons,
 'Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
 Love's fuellers, and th' rightest company 35
 Of players which upon the world's stage be,
 Will too too quickly know thee: and, alas!
 Th' indifferent Italian, as we pass
 His warm land, well content to think thee page,
 Will hunt thee with such lust and hideous rage 40
 As Lot's fair guests were vex'd: but none of these,
 Nor spungy' hydroptique Dutch, shall thee displease
 If thou stay here. O! stay here; for for thee
 England is only a worthy gallery
 To walk in expectation, till from thence 45
 Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
 When I am gone dream me some happiness,
 Nor let thy looks our long hid love confess;
 Nor praise nor dispraise me; nor blest nor curse
 Openly Love's force; nor in bed fright thy nurse 50
 With midnight's startings, crying out, Oh! oh!
 Nurse, oh! my love is slain! I saw him go
 O'er the white Alpes alone; I saw him, I,
 Affail'd, taken, fight, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and dye.
 Augure me better chance, except dread Jove
 Think it enough for me to' have had thy love. 56

ON HIMSELF.

My fortune and my choice this custom break,
 When we are speechless grown to make stones speak;
 Tho' no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
 In my grave's inside seest what thou art now:
 Yet thou 'rt not yet so good; till death us lay 5
 To ripe and mellow, here we're stubborn clay.
 Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
 Us to be glass; here to grow gold we lie.
 Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
 Our souls become worm-eaten carcases; 10
 So we ourselves miraculously destroy,
 Here bodies with less miracle enjoy
 Such priviledges, enabled here to scale
 Heav'n, when the trumpet's ayre shall them exhale.
 Hear this, and mend thyself, and thou mend'st me,
 By making me, being dead, do good for thee; 16
 And think me well compos'd, that I could now
 A last-sick hour to syllables allow. 18

ELEGIE.

MADAM,

THAT I might make your cabinet my tomb,
 And for my fame, which I love next my soul,
 Next to my soul provide the happiest room,
 Admit to that place this last funeral scrowl.

Others by wills give legacies, but I, 5
Dying, of you do beg a legacy.

My fortune and my will this custom break,
When we are senseless grown, to make stones speak :
Tho' no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside see what thou art now. 10
Yet thou'rt not yet so good ; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there we are stubborn clay.
Parents make us earth, and souls dignifie
Us to be glass; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamp'rd is,
Our souls become worm-eaten carcases. 16

ELEGIE ON THE LORD C.

Sorrow, that to this house scarce knew the way,
Is, oh ! heir of it ; our all is his pay.
This strange chance claims strange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be so strange as to weep thus.
'Tis well his life's loud-speaking works deserve 5
And give praise too ; our cold tongues could not serve :
'Tis well he kept tears from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill we might have store.
Oh ! if a sweet-bryer climb up by a tree,
If to a paradise that transplanted be, 10
Or sell'd and burnt for holy sacrifice,
Yet that must wither which by it did rise,

As we for him dead, tho' no family
E'er rigg'd a soul for heav'n's discovery
With whom more venturers more boldly dare 15
Venture their 'states, with him in joy to share.
We lose, what all friends lov'd, him; he gains now
But life by death, which worst foes would allow;
If he could have foes in whose practice grew
All virtues whose name subtle school-men knew. 20
What ease can hope that we shall see him beget,
When we must dye first, and cannot dye yet?
His children are his pictures: oh! they be
Pictures of him dead, senseless, cold as he.
Here needs no marble tomb since he is gone;
He, and about him his, are turn'd to stone. 26

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LETTERS

TO SEVERAL

PERSONAGES.

THE STORM.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOK,

From the Island Voyage with the Earl of Essex.

THOU, which art I, ('t is nothing to be so)
Thou, which art still thyself, by this shalt know
Part of our passage; and a hand or eye
By Hilliard drawn is worth a history
By a worse painter made; and (without pride) 5
When by thy judgment they are dignify'd
My lines are such: 'Tis the preheminnence
Of friendship only t' impute excellence.
England, t' whom we owe what we be and have,
Sad that her sons did seek a foreign grave, 10
(For Fate's or Fortune's drifts none can gain-say,
Honour and mis'ry have one face one way)
From out her pregnant entrails sigh'd a wind,
Which at th' air's middle marble-room did find
Such strong resistance, that itself it threw 15
Downward again; and so when it did view
How in the port our fleet dear time did leese,
Withering like pris'ners, which lie but for fees,

Mildly it kifs'd our sails, and, fresh and sweet,
 As to a stomach starv'd, whose insides meet; 20
 Meat comes, it came, and swole our sails, when we
 So joy'd as Sarah her swelling joy'd to see;
 But 't was but so kind as our countrymen, [then.
 Which bring friends one day's way, and leave them
 Then like two mighty kings, which dwelling far 25
 Asunder meet against a third to war,
 The south and west winds joyn'd, and, as they blew,
 Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
 Sooner than you read this line did the gale,
 Like shot not fear'd till felt, our sails assail; 30
 And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
 Hath now a Storm's, anon a tempest's name.
 Jonas! I pity thee, and curse those men
 Who, when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then.
 Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil 35
 All offices of death except to kill.
 But when I wak'd, I saw that I saw not;
 I and the sun, which should teach me, had forgot
 East, west, day, night; and I could only say,
 Had the world lasted, that it had been day. 40
 Thousands our noises were, yet we 'mongst all
 Could none by his right name but thunder call.
 Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
 Than if the sun had drunk the sea before.
 Some coffin'd in their cabbins lie, 'equally 45
 Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die:

And as sin-burden'd souls from graves will creep
At the last day, some forth their cabbins peep,
And, trembling, ask what news? and do hear so
As jealous husbands, what they would not know. 50
Some, sitting on the hatches, would seem there,
With hideous gazing, to fear away Fear :
There note they the ship's sicknesse, the mast
Shak'd with an ague, and the hold and waift
With a salt dropsie clogg'd, and our tacklings 55
Snapping, like to too high-stretch'd treble strings,
And from our tatter'd sails rags drop down so
As from one hang'd in chains a year ago :
Yea, ev'n our ordnance, plac'd for our defence,
Strives to break loose, and 'scape away from thence :
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what 's the gain? 61
Seas into seas thrown we suck in again :
Hearing hath deaf'd our sailors ; and if they
Knew how to hear, there 's none knows what to say.
Compar'd to these Storms, death is but a qualm, 65
Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermudas' calm.
Darkness, Light's eldest brother, his birth-right
Claims o'er the world, and to heav'n hath chas'd light.
All things are one ; and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformity 70
Doth cover ; so that we, except God say
Another Fiat, shall have no more day :
So violent yet long these furies be,
That tho' thine absence starve me I wish not thee. 74

THE CALM.

OUR storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage
 A stupid Calm, but nothing it doth 'swage.
 The fable is inverted, and far more
 A block afflicts now then a stork before.
 Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves or us; 5
 In Calms Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
 As steady as I could wish my thoughts were,
 Smooth as thy mistress' glass, or what shines there,
 The sea is now, and as the isles which we
 Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be. 10
 As water did in storms, now pitch runs out;
 As lead, when a fir'd church becomes one spout;
 And all our beauty and our trim decays,
 Like courts removing, or like ending plays.
 The fighting place now seamen's rage supply, 15
 And all the tackling is a frippery.
 No use of lanthorns; and in one place lay
 Feathers and dust to-day and yesterday.
 Earth's hollownnesses, which the world's lungs are,
 Have no more wind than th' upper vault of air. 20
 We can nor lost friends nor fought foes recover,
 But, meteor-like, save that we move not, hover:
 Only the calenture together draws
 Dear friends, which meet dead in great fishes' maws,
 And on the hatches, as on altars, lies 25
 Each one, his own priest and own sacrifice.

Who live that miracle do multiply,
Where walkers in hot ovens do not die.
If in despight of these we swim, that hath
No more refreshing than a brimstone bath; 30
But from the sea into the ship we turn,
Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coals to burn.
Like Bajazet encag'd, the shepherds' scoff;
Or like slack finew'd Samson, his hair off,
Languish our ships. Now as a myriad 35
Of ants durst th' Emperor's lov'd snake invade,
The crawling gallies, sea-gulls, finny chips,
Might brave our pinnaces, our bed-rid ships:
Whether a rotten state and hope of gain,
Or to disuse me from the queasy pain 40
Of being belov'd and loving, or the thirst
Of honour or fair death outpusht me first,
I lose my end; for here, as well as I,
A desperate may live, and coward die.
Stag, dog, and all which from or towards flies, 45
Is paid with life or prey, or doing dies:
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtilly lay
A scourge 'gainst which we all forgot to pray.
He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell. 50
What are we then? How little more, alas!
Is man now than before he was he was?
Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance or ourselves still disproportion it.

We have no power, no will, no sense. I lie;
I should not then thus feel this misery.

56

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SIR, more than kisses letters mingle souls,
For thus friends absent speak. This ease controuls
The tediousness of my life : but for these
I could invent nothing at all to please ;
But I should wither in one day, and pass 5
To a lock of hay that am a bottle of grass.
Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways
Countries, courts, towns, are rocks or remoras;
They break or stop all ships, yet our state's such
That (tho'than pitch they stain worse) we must touch.
If in the furnace of the even Line, 11
Or under th' adverse icy Pole, thou pine,
Thou know'st two temperate regions girded in
Dwell there ; but, oh ! what refuge canst thou win
Parch'd in the court, and in the country frozen ? 15
Shall cities built of both extreame be chosen ?
Can dung or garlike be' a perfume ? or can
A scorpion or torpedo cure a man ?
Cities are worst of all three : of all three ?
(O knotty riddle !) each is worst equally. 20
Cities are sepulchres ; they who dwell there
Are carcasses, as if none such there were :
And courts are theatres where some men play
Princes, some slaves, and all end in one day.

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The country is a desert where the good 25
 Gain'd inhabits not; born is not understood:
 There men become beasts, and, prone to all evils,
 In cities blocks, and in a lewd court devils.

As in the first chaos confusedly
 Each element's qualities were in th' other three; 30
 So pride, lust, covetize, being severall
 To these three places, yet all are in all,
 And, mingled thus, their issue is incestuous;
 Falshood is denizon'd, Virtue is barbarous.

Let no man say there Virtue's flinty wall 35
 Shall lock vice in me; I'll do none, but know all.

Men are sponges, which to pour out receive;
 Who know false play rather than lose deceive:
 For in best understandings sin began;
 Angels sinn'd first, then devils, and then man. 40
 Only perchance beasts sin not; wretched we
 Are beasts in all but white Integrity.

I think if men, which in these places live,
 Durst look in themselves, and themselves retrieve, 44
 They would, like strangers, greet themselves, seeing
 Utopian youth grown old Italian. [then

Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
 Inn any where; continuance maketh hell:
 And seeing the snail, which every where doth come,
 Carrying his own house still, still is at home, 50
 Follow (for he is easie pac'd) this snail;
 Be thine own palace, or the world's thy gaol:

And in the world's sea do not, like cork, sleep
 Upon the water's face, nor in the deep
 Sink like a lead without a line; but as 55
 Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
 Nor making sound, so closely thy course go;
 Let men dispute whether thou breathe or no;
 Only' in this be no Galenist. To make
 Courts' hot ambitions wholesome, do not take 60
 A dram of country's dulness; do not add
 Correctives, but as chymiques purge the bad.
 But, Sir, I advise not you; I rather do
 Say o'er those lessons which I learn'd of you,
 Whom, free from Germany's schisms, and lightness
 Of France; and fair Italy's faithlessness, 66
 Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
 And brought home that faith which you carried forth,
 I th'roughly love; but if myself I have won
 To know my rules, I have, and you have DONNE. 70

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

HERE's no more news than virtue; I may as well
 Tell you Calais or Saint Michael's Mount, as tell
 That Vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet as, to get stomachs, we walk up and down,
 And toyl to sweeten rest; so may God frown, 5
 If but to loath both I haunt court and town.

For here no one is from th' extremity
Of vice by any other reason free,
But that the next to him still's worse than he.

In this world's warfare they whom rugged Fate 10
(God's Commissary) doth so th'roughly hate
As i' th' court's squadron to marshal their state;

If they stand arm'd with filly honesty,
With wishing, prayers, and neat integrity,
Like Indians 'gainst Spanish hosts they be. 15

Suspicious boldness to this place belongs,
And t' have as many ears as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Believe me, Sir, in my youth's giddiest days,
When to be like the court was a player's praise, 20
Plays were not so like courts as courts like plays.

Then let us at these mimique antiques jest,
Whose deepest projects and egregious gestures
Are but dull morals at a game at chess.

But 't is an incongruity to smile; 25
Therefore I end, and bid farewell a while
At court, tho' from court were the better stile. 27

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON,

AT HIS GOING AMBASSADOR TO VENICE.

AFTER those rev'rend papers, whose soul is
 Our good and great king's lov'd hand and fear'd name,
 By which to you he derives much of his,
 And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A taper of his torch, a copy writ 5
 From his original, and a fair beam
 Of the same warm and dazling fun, tho' it
 Must in another sphear his virtue stream :

After those learned papers, which your hand
 Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too, 10
 From which rich treasury you may command
 Fit matter whether you will write or do :

After those loving papers which friends send
 With glad grief to your sea-ward steps farewell,
 Which thicken on you now as pray'rs ascend 15
 To heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell ;

Admit this honest paper, and allow
 It such an audience as yourself would ask ;
 What you must say at Venice this means now,
 And hath for nature what you have for task. 20

To swear much love, not to be chang'd before,
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune more
Than I have done your noble-wanting wit.

But 't is an easier load (tho' both oppress) 25
To want than govern greatness; for we are
In that our own and only business;
In this we must for others' vices care.

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
In their last furnace, in activity, 30
Which fits them (schools, and courts, and wars, o'er-
To touch and taste in any best degree. [past]

For me, (if there be such a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
Spies that I bear so well her tyranny, 35
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But tho' she part us, to hear my oft' prayers
For your increase, God is as near me here;
And to send you what I shall beg, his stairs
In length and ease are alike every where. 40

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

WHO makes the last a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads;
Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 't is that which it should be, 5
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:
But he which dwells there is not so; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body' her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better; her next change is night: 10
But her fair larger guest, to whom fun and moon
Are sparks, and short liv'd, claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier;
Her appetite and her digestion mend:
We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her 15
With woman's milk and pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet. You have seen
All libraries, which are schools, camps and courts;
But ask your garners if you have not been
In harvest too indulgent to your sports? 20

Would you redeem it? then yourself transplant
 A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
 Bears no more wit than ours; but yet more scant
 Are those diversions there which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit; 25
 We can beginnings but not habits choak.
 Go. Whither? Hence. You get, if you forget;
 New faults, till they prescribe to us, are smooke.

Our soul, whose country's heav'n, and God her father,
 Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent; 30
 Yet so much in her travail she doth gather,
 That she returns home wiser than she went.

It pays you well if it teach you to spare,
 And make you' asham'd to make your hawk's praise
 Which when herself she lessens in the air, [your's,
 You then first say that high enough she tow'rs. 36

However, keep the lively taste you hold
 Of God; love him now, but fear him more;
 And in your afternoons think what you told
 And promis'd him at morning prayer before. 40

Let falsehood like a discord anger you,
 Else be not froward. But why do I touch
 Things of which none is in your practice new,
 And tables and fruit-trenchers teach as much?

But thus I make you keep your promise, Sir ; 45
 Riding I had you, tho' you still stay'd there ;
 And in these thoughts, altho' you never stir,
 You came with me to Micham, and are here. 48

TO MR. ROWLAND WOODWARD.

LIKE one who' in her third widowhood doth profess
 Herself a Nun, ty'd to retiredness,
 So' affects my Muse now a chaste fallowness ;

Since she to few, yet to too many', hath shown
 How love-song weeds and satyrique thorns are grown
 Where seeds of better arts were early sown. 6

Tho' to use and love poetry to me,
 Betroth'd to no one art, be no adultery,
 Omissions of good ill as ill deeds be.

For tho' to us it seem but light and thin, 10
 Yet in those faithful scales, where God throws in
 Men's works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our souls have stain'd their first white, yet we
 May cloath them with faith and dear honesty,
 Which God imputes as native purity. 15

There is no virtue but religion :

Wife, valiant, sober, just, are names which none
Want, which want not vice-covering discretion.

Seek we then ourselves in ourselves ; for as
Men force the sun with much more force to pass, 20
By gathering his beams with a chrystal glass ;

So we (if we into ourselves will turn,
Blowing our spark of virtue) may out-burn
The straw which doth about our hearts sojourn.

You know, physicians, when they would infuse 25
Into any' oyl the souls of simples, use
Places where they may lie still warm, to chuse ;

So works retiredness in us. To rome
Giddily, and be every where but at home,
Such freedom doth a banishment become. 30

We are but farmers of ourselves ; yet may,
If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treasure, for the great rent day.

Manure thyself then ; to thyself b' improv'd,
And with vain outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know that I love thee, and would be lov'd. 36

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TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

REASON is our soul's left hand, Faith her right ;
 By these we reach divinity, that 's you :
 Their loves, who have the blessing of your light,
 Grew from their reason ; mine from fair Faith grew.

But as altho' a squint left-handedness 5
 Be' ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand ;
 So would I (not t' encrease, but to express
 My faith) as I believe so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your saints,
 Those friends whom your election glorifies ; 10
 Then in your deeds, accesses and restraints,
 And what you read, and what yourself devise.

But soon the reasons why you 're lov'd by all
 Grow infinite, and so pass reason's reach ;
 Then back again t' implicit faith I fall, 15
 And rest on what the catholique voice doth teach ;

That you are good ; and not one heretique
 Denies it ; if he did, yet you are so :
 For rocks, which high do seem, deep-rooted stick,
 Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow. 20

In ev'ry thing there naturally grows
 A balsamum, to keep it fresh and new,
 If 't were not injur'd by extrinſique blows;
 Your birth and beauty are this balm in you.

But you of learning, and religion, 25
 And virtue', and ſuch ingredients, have made
 A Mithridate, whoſe operation
 Keeps off or cures what can be done or ſaid.

Yet this is not your phyſick but your food,
 A diet fit for you; for you are here 30
 The firſt good angel, ſince the world's frame ſtood,
 That ever did in woman's ſhape appear.

Since you are then God's maſter-piece, and ſo
 His factor for our loves, do, as you do,
 Make your return home gracious, and beſtow 35
 This life on that, ſo make one life of two:
 For ſo, God help me! I would not miſs you there
 For all the good which you can do me here. 38

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

You have refin'd me, and to worthiest things;
 Virtue, art, beauty, fortune; now I see
 Rareness or use, not nature, value brings,
 And such as they are circumstanc'd they be.
 Two ills can ne'er perplex us sin t' excuse, 5
 But of two good things we may leave or chuse.

Therefore at court, which is not virtue's clime,
 Where a transcendent height (as lowness me)
 Makes her not see, or not show, all my rhyme
 Your virtues challenge, which there rarest be; 10
 For as dark texts need notes, some there must be
 To usher virtue, and say, This is she:

So in the country's beauty. To this place
 You are the season, (Madam!) you the day;
 'Tis but a grave of spices till your face 15
 Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
 Widow'd and reclus'd, else her sweets she' enshrines,
 As China, when the sun at Brasil dines.

Out from your chariot morning breaks at night,
 And falsifies both computations so, 20
 Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
 We your new creatures by new reck'nings go.
 This shews that you from Nature lothly stray,
 That suffer not an artificial day.

In this you've made the court th' antipodes, 25
And will'd your delegate, the vulgar Sun,
To do prophane autumnal offices,
Whilst here to you we sacrificers run;
And whether priests or organs you we' obey,
We found your influence, and your dictates say. 30

Yet to that deity which dwells in you,
Your virtuous soul, I now not sacrifice;
These are petitions, and not hymns; they sue
But that I may survey the edifice.
In all religions as much care hath been 35
Of temples' frames and beauty' as rites within.

As all which go to Rome do not thereby
Esteem religions, and hold fast the best,
But serve discourse and curiosity
With that which doth religion but invest, 40
And shun th' entangling labyrinths of schools,
And make it wit to think the wiser fools:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you're Virtue's temple, not as she;
What walls of tender crystal her enfold, 45
What eyes, hands, bosom, her pure altars be;
And after this survey oppose to all
Builders of chappels you, th' Escorial;

Yet not as consecrate, but meerly' as fair :
 On these I cast a lay and country eye : 50
 Of past and future stories, which are rare,
 I find you all record and prophesy.
 Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
 No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both 55
 You were the transcript and original;
 The elements, the parent, and the growth,
 And every piece of you is worth their all.
 So' intire are all your deeds and you, that you
 Must do the same things still; you cannot two. 60

But these (as nicest school divinity
 Serves heresie to further or repress)
 Taste of poetique rage or flattery,
 And need not, where all hearts one truth profess; 64
 Oft' from new proofs and new phrase new doubts
 As strange attire aliens the men we know. [grow,

Leaving then busie praise and all appeal
 To higher courts, sense's decree is true,
 The myne, the magazine, the common-weal,
 The story of beauty', in Twicknam is and you. 70
 Who hath seen one would both; as who hath been
 In Paradise would seek the cherubin. 72

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

To have written then, when you writ, seem'd to me
 Worst of spiritual vices, Simony;
 And not to have written then seems little less
 Than worst of civil vices, thanklessness.
 In this my debt I seem'd loth to confess, 5
 In that I seem'd to shun beholdingness;
 But 't is not so. Nothings, as I am, may
 Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
 Such borrow in their payments, and owe more,
 By having leave to write so, than before. 10
 Yet since rich mynes in barren grounds are shown,
 May not I yield not gold, but coal or stone?
 Temples were not demolish'd, tho' prophane;
 Here Peter Jove's, there Paul hath Dina's fane.
 So whether my hymns you admit or chuse, 15
 In me you 'ave hallowed a Pagan Muse,
 And denizon'd a stranger, who, mis-taught
 By blamers of the times they marr'd, hath sought
 Virtues in corners, which now bravely do
 Shine in the world's best part, or all it, you. 20
 I have been told that virtue in courtiers' hearts
 Suffers an ostracism, and departs:
 Profit, ease, fitness, plenty, bid it go,
 But whither, only knowing you, I know:

M iij

Your, or you virtue, two vast uses serves, 25
 It ransoms one sex, and one court preserves;
 There's nothing but your worth, which, being true,
 Is known to any other, not to you;
 And you can never know it: to admit
 No knowledge of your worth is some of it: 30
 But since to you your praises discords be,
 Stoop others' ills to meditate with me.
 Oh! to confess we know not what we should,
 Is half excuse we know not what we would.
 Lightness depresseth us, emptiness fills; 35
 We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills.
 As new philosophy arrests the sun,
 And bids the passive earth about it run,
 So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends,
 Only the body's busie, and pretends. 40
 As dead low earth eclipses and controuls
 The quick high moon, so doth the body souls.
 In none but us are such mixt engines found,
 As hands of double office; for the ground
 We till with them, and them to heaven we raise; 45
 Who pray'reless labours, or without these prayers,
 Doth but one half, that's none. He which said, Plough,
 And look not back, to look up doth allow.
 Good seed degenerates, and oft' obeys
 The soil's disease, and into cockle strays. 50
 Let the mind's thoughts be but transplanted so
 Into the body, and bastardly they grow.

What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
 We, but no foreign tyrants, could remove
 These, not ingrav'd, but inborn dignities, 55
 Caskets of souls, temples, and palaces:
 For bodies shall from death redeemed be,
 Souls but preserv'd, born naturally free.
 As men t' our prisons now, souls t' us are sent,
 Which learn vice there, and come in innocent. 60
 First seeds of every creature are in us:
 Whate'er the world hath bad or precious
 Man's body can produce; hence hath it been
 That stones, worms, frogs, and snakes, in man are seen:
 But whoe'er saw, tho' Nature can work so, 65
 That pearl, or gold, or corn, in man did grow?
 We 'ave added to the world Virginia, and sent
 Two new stars lately to the firmament.
 Why grudge we us (not heaven) the dignity
 To' increase with ours those fair souls' company? 70
 But I must end this letter; tho' it do
 Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
 Virtue hath some perverseness; for she will
 Neither believe her good nor others' ill.
 Even in you, Virtue's best paradise, 75
 Virtue hath some, but wise, degrees of vice.
 Too many virtues, or too much of one,
 Begets in you unjust suspicion;
 And ignorance of vice makes virtue less,
 Quenching compassion of our wretchedness. 80

But these are riddles. Some asperſion
 Of vice becomes well ſome complexion.
 Stateſmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
 The bad with bad, a ſpider with a toad :
 For ſo ill thralls not them, but they tame ill, 85
 And make her do much good againſt her will ;
 But in your common-wealth, or world in you,
 Vice hath no office or good work to do.
 Take then no vicious purge, but be content
 With cordial virtue, your known nourishment. 90

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

THIS twilight of two years, not paſt nor next,
 Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
 Who, (meteor-like, of ſtuff and form perplext,
 Whoſe what and where in diſputation is)
 If I ſhould call me any thing, ſhould miſs. 5

I ſum the years and me, and find me not
 Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new :
 'That cannot ſay my thanks I have forgot ;
 Nor truſt I this with hopes, and yet ſcarce true ;
 'This bravery's ſince theſe times ſhewed me you. 10

In recompence I would ſhew future times
 What you were, and teach them t' urge towards ſuch.

Verse embalms Virtue; and tombs or thrones of rhymes
Preserve frail transitory fame as much
As spice doth bodies from corrupt air's touch. 15

Mine are short-liv'd; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but dissipates as fast
New spirits; for strong agents with the same
Force that doth warm and cherish us do waste;
Kept hot with strong extracts no bodies last. 20

So my verse, built of your just praise, might want
Reason and likelihood, the firmest base,
And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
Will vanish soon, and so possess no place;
And you and it too much grace might disgrace. 25

When all (as truth commands assent) confess
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
(One corn of one low ant-hill's dust, and less)
Should name, know, or express, a thing so high,
And (not an inch) measure infinity. 30

I cannot tell them, nor myself, nor you,
But leave, lest truth b' endanger'd by my praise,
And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
And useth oft', when such a heart mis-says,
To make it good; for such a praiser prays. 35

He will best teach you how you should lay out
 His stock of beauty, learning, favour, blood;
 He will perplex security with doubt,
 And clear those doubts; hide from you, and shew you
 And so increase your appetite and food. [good,

He will teach you that good and bad have not 41
 One latitude in cloysters and in court:
 Indifferent there the greatest space hath got;
 Some pity's not good there, some vain disport;
 On this side sin with that place may comport. 45

Yet he, as he bounds seas, will fix your hours,
 Which pleasure and delight may not ingress;
 And tho' what none else lost be truest your's,
 He will make you what you did not possess,
 By using others' (not vice, but) weakness. 50

He will make you speak truths, and credibly,
 And make you doubt that others do not so:
 He will provide you keys and locks, to spy,
 And 'scape spies, to good ends; and he will show
 What you will not acknowledge, what not know. 55

For your own conscience he gives innocence,
 But for your fame a discreet wariness;
 And (tho' to 'scape than to revenge offence
 Be better) he shews both; and to repress
 Joy when your state swells, sadness when 't is less,

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From need of tears he will defend your soul, 61
 Or make a rebaptizing of one tear :
 He cannot (that's, he will not) dis-inroll
 Your name; and when with active joy we hear
 This private Gospel, then 'tis our new-year. 65

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

HONOUR is so sublime perfection,
 And so refin'd, that when God was alone,
 And creatureless at first, himself had none :

But as of th' elements these, which we tread,
 Produce all things with which we're joy'd or fed; 5
 And those are barren both above our head;

So from low persons doth all honour flow :
 Kings, whom they would have honour'd, to us shew,
 And but direct our honour, not bestow.

For when from herbs the pure part must be won 10
 From gross by 'stilling, this is better done
 By despis'd dung than by the fire or sun.

Care not, then, Madam, how low your praises lye;
 In labourers' ballads oft' more piety
 God finds, than in *Te Deum's* melody. 15

And ordnance rais'd on tow'rs so many mile
Send not their voice, nor last so long a while,
As fires from th' earth's low vaults in Sicil Isle.

Should I say I liv'd darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds subdue 20
But one: 't is best light to contemplate you.

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or took souls' stuff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an amber-drop enwraps a bee, 25
Covering discovers your quick soul, that we [see.
May in your th'rough-shine front our hearts' thoughts

You teach (tho' we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the use of specular stone,
Thro' which all things within without were shown.

Of such were temples; so and such you are; 31
Being and seeming is your equal care,
And virtue's whole sum is but know and dare,

Discretion is a wise man's soul, and so
Religion is a Christian's; and you know 35
How these are one: her Yea is not her No.

But as our souls of growth and souls of sense
Have birthright of our reason's soul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seek precedence.

Nature's first lesson, so Discretion 40
Must not grudge Zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not banish itself, nor Religion.

Nor may we hope to solder still and knit
These two, and dare to break them; nor must Wit
Be colleague to Religion, but be it. 45

In those poor types of God, (round circles) so
Religion's types the pieceless centers flow,
And are in all the lines which all ways go.

If either ever wrought in you alone,
Or principally, then Religion 50
Wrought your ends, and your ways Discretion.

Go thither still, go the same way you went;
Who so would change doth covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent. 54

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Begun in France, but never perfected.

THO' I be dead and buried, yet I have
 (Living in you) court enough in my grave;
 As oft' as there I think myself to be,
 So many resurrections waken me :
 That thankfulness your favours have begot 5
 In me, embalms me, that I do not rot.
 This season, as 't is Easter, as 't is spring,
 Must both to growth and to confession bring
 My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence, so
 These verses bud, so these confessions grow. 10
 First I confess I have to others lent
 Your stock, and over prodigally spent
 Your treasure; for since I had never known
 Virtue and beauty, but as they are grown
 In you, I should not think or say they shine 15
 (So as I have) in any other myne.
 Next I confess this my confession,
 For 't is some fault thus much to touch upon
 Your praise to you, where half rights seem too much,
 And make your mind's sincere complexion blush. 20
 Next I confess my' impenitence, for I
 Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
 Remote low spirits, which shall ne'er read you,
 May in less lessons find enough to do
 By studying copies, not originals. 25

Desunt cetera.

TO THE LADY BEDFORD.

You, that are she and you, that's double she,
 In her dead face half of yourself shall see;
 She was the other part; for so they do
 Which build them friendships, become one of two;
 So two, that but themselves no third can fit, 5
 Which were to be so, when they were not yet
 Twins, tho' their birth Cusco and Musco take,
 As divers stars one constellation make;
 Pair'd like two eyes, have equal motion, so
 Both but one means to see, one way to go. 10
 Had you dy'd first, a carcass she had been,
 And we your rich tomb in her face had seen.
 She, like the soul, is gone, and you here stay,
 Not a live friend, but th' other half of clay:
 And since you act that part, as men say, Here 15
 Lies such a prince, when but one part is there,
 And do all honour and devotion due
 Unto the whole, so we all rev'rence you;
 For such a friendship who would not adore
 In you, who are all what both were before? 20
 Not all, as if some perished by this,
 But so as all in you contracted is:
 As of this all, tho' many parts decay,
 The pure, which elemented them, shall stay;
 And tho' diffus'd and spread in infinite, 25
 Shall recollect, and in one all unite.

So, Madam, as her soul to heav'n is fled,
 Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed;
 Her virtues do, as to their proper sphear,
 Return to dwell with you, of whom they were: 30
 As perfect motions are all circular,
 So they to you, their sea, whence less streams are.
 She was all spices, you all metals; so
 In you two we did both rich Indias know:
 And as no fire nor rust can spend or waste 35
 One dram of gold, but what was first shall last,
 Tho' it be forc'd in water, earth, salt, air,
 Expans'd in infinite, none will impair;
 So to yourself you may additions take,
 But nothing can you less or changed make. 40
 Seek not, in seeking new, to seem to doubt
 That you can match her, or not be without,
 But let some faithful book in her room be,
 Yet but of Judith no such book as she. 44

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT,

SINCE LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY,

Being at the siege of Juliers.

MAN is a lump, where all beasts kneaded be;
 Wisdom makes him an ark where all agree;
 The fool, in whom these beasts do live at jar,
 Is sport to others, and a theater;
 Nor 'scapes he so, but is himself their prey; 5
 All which was man in him is ate away;

And now his beasts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed.
How happy 's he which hath due place assign'd
To' his beasts, and disforested his mind! 10
Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in;
Can sow, and dares trust corn, where they have been;
Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and ev'ry beast,
And is not as himself to all the rest!
Else man not only is the herd of swine, 15
But he 's those devils too which did incline
Them to an headlong rage, and made them worse;
For man can add weight to Heav'n's heaviest curse.
As souls (they say) by our first touch take in
The poysonous tincture of original sin, 20
So to the punishments which God doth fling
Our apprehension contributes the sting.
To us, as to his chickens, he doth cast
Hemlock; and we, as men, his hemlock taste:
We do infuse to what he meant for meat 25
Corrosiveness, or intense cold or heat:
For God no such specificke poyson hath
As kills, men know not how; his fiercest wrath
Hath no antipathy; but may be good
At least for physick, if not for our food. 30
Thus man, that might be' his pleasure is his red,
And is his devil that might be his God.
Since then our bus'ness is to rectify
Nature to what she was, we 're led awry

By them who man to us in little show ; 35
 Greater than due no form we can bestow
 On him, for man into himself can draw
 All ; all his faith can swallow or reason chaw ;
 All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill ;
 All the round world to man is but a pill ; 40
 In all it works not, but it is in all
 Poysonous, or purgative, or cordial :
 For knowledge kindles calentures in some,
 And is to others icy opium.
 As brave as true is that profession then 45
 Which you do use to make, that you know man :
 This makes it credible you' have dwelt upon
 All worthy books, and now are such an one.
 Actions are authors, and of those in you
 Your friends find ev'ry day a mart of new. 50

TO THE

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

MADAM,

MAN to God's image, Eve to man's, was made,
 Nor find we that God breath'd a foul in her ;
 Canons will not church-functions you invade,
 Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory comets sees 5
 Wonders, because they're rare ; but a new star,
 Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
 Is miracle, for there no new things are.

In women so perchance mild innocence
 A seldom comet is, but active good 10
 A miracle, which reason 'scapes and sense,
 For art and nature this in them withstood.

As such a star the Magi led to view
 The manger-cradled infant God below,
 By virtue's beams (by fame deriv'd from you) 15
 May apt souls, and the worst, may virtue know.

If the world's age and death be argued well
 By the sun's fall, which now t'wards earth doth bend,
 Then we might fear that Virtue, since she fell
 So low as woman, should be near her end. 20

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd: exil'd by men
 She fled to heav'n, that's heav'nly things, that's you:
 She was in all men thinly scatter'd then,
 But now a mass contracted in a few.

She gilded us, but you are gold; and she 25
 Informed us, but transubstantiates you.
 Soft dispositions, which ductile be,
 Elixir-like, she makes not clean, but new.

Tho' you a wife's and mother's name retain,
 'Tis not as woman, for all are not so; 30
 But Virtue, having made you virtue, is fain
 To' adhere in these names, her and you to show;

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see,
 As water being into air rarify'd,
 Neither appear till in one cloud they be, 35
 So for our fakes you do low names abide :

Taught by great constellations (which, being fram'd
 Of the most stars, take low names Crab and Bull,
 When single planets by the gods are nam'd)
 You covet not great names, of great things full. 40

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
 And in the vale of kindred others see :
 To some you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
 And as a virtuous prince far off to me.

To whom, because from you all virtues flow, 45
 And 't is not none to dare contemplate you,
 I, which do so, as your true subject, owe
 Some tribute for that ; so these Lines are due.

If you can think these flatteries they are,
 For then your judgment is below my praise : 50
 If they were so, oft' flatteries work as far
 As counsels, and as far th' endeavour raise.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
 But I remain a poyson'd fountain still ;
 And not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood, 55
 Are more above all flattery than my will.

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And if I flatter any 't is not you,
 But my own judgment, who did long ago
 Pronounce that all these praises should be true,
 And virtue should your beauty' and birth outgrow.

Now that my prophecies are all fulfill'd, 61
 Rather than God should not be honoured too,
 And all these gifts confess'd which he instill'd,
 Yourself were bound to say that which I do.

So I but your recorder am in this, 65
 Or mouth and speaker of the universe,
 A ministerial notary; for 't is
 Not I, but you and Fame, that make this verse.

I was your prophet in your younger days,
 And now your chaplain, God in you to praise. 70

TO THE

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

THAT unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
 That gives us man up now, like Adam's time
 Before he ate; man's shape, that would yet be
 (Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts' company)
 So naked at this day, as tho' man there 5
 From Paradise so great a distance were,
 As yet the news could not arrived be
 Of Adam's tasting the forbidden tree;

Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet bear the sin. 10

But as from extream hights who downward looks,
Sees men at children's shapes, rivers as brooks,
And loseth younger forms; so to your eye
These, (Madam!) that without your distance lie,
Must either mist or nothing seem to be, 15
Who are at home but wit's mere *atomi*.

But I, who can behold them move and stay,
Have found myself to you just their midway,
And now must pity them; for as they do
Seem sick to me, just so must I to you; 20
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see
A sighing ode nor cross-arm'd elegie.

I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like some white-liver'd dotard, that would part
Else from his slippery soul with a faint groan, 25
And faithfully (without you smile) were gone.

I cannot feel the tempest of a frown;
I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down;
Tho' I can pity those sigh twice a-day,
I hate that thing whispers itself away. 30

Yet since all love is feverish, who to trees
Doth talk, yet doth in love's cold ague freeze.

'Tis love, but with such fatal weakness made,
That it destroys itself with its own shade. 34

Who first look't sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd his
Was he that first taught women to disdain. [pain,

As all things were but one nothing, dull and weak,
Until this raw disorder'd heap did break,
And several desires led parts away,
Water declin'd with earth, the air did stay, 40
Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,
Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd;
So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
An unripe willingness which nothing did;
A thirst, an appetite which had no ease, 45
That found a want, but knew not what would please.
What pretty innocence in that day mov'd,
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd!
Both sigh'd and interchang'd a speaking eye,
Both trembled and were sick, yet knew not why. 50
That natural fearfulness that struck man dumb,
Might well (those times consider'd) man become.
As all discoverers, whose first essay
Finds but the place, after the nearest way;
So passion is to woman's love, about, 55
Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.
It is not love that sues or doth contend;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
Man's better part consists of purer fire,
And finds itself allow'd ere it desire. 60
Love is wise here, keeps home, gives reason sway,
And journies not till it find summer-way.
A weather-beaten lover, but once known,
Is sport for every girl to practise on.

Who strives thro' woman's scorns women to know,
 Is lost, and seeks his shadow to outgo; 66
 It is meer sickness after one disdain,
 'Tho' he be call'd aloud to look again.
 Let others sin and grieve; one cunning flight
 Shall freeze my love to crystal in a night. 70
 I can love first, and (if I win) love still,
 And cannot be remov'd, unless she will.
 It is her fault if I unsure remain;
 She only can unty, I bind again.
 The honesties of love with ease I do, 75
 But am no porter for a tedious wooe.

But, Madam, I now think on you; and here,
 Where we are at our heights, you but appear.
 We are but clouds, you rise from our noon-ray,
 But a foul shadow, not your break of day. 80
 You are at first-hand all that's fair and right,
 And others' good reflects but back your light:
 You are a perfectness, so curious hit,
 That youngest flatteries do scandal it;
 For what is more doth what you are restrain, 85
 And tho' beyond, is down the hill again.
 We have no next way to you, we cross to 't;
 You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute:
 Each good in you's a light; so many a shade
 You make, and in them are your motions made. 90
 These are your pictures to the life. From far
 We see you move, and here your zances are;

So that no fountain good there is doth grow
In you but our dim actions faintly show.

Then find I, if man's noblest part be love, 95
Your purest lustre must that shadow move.

The soul with body is a heav'n combin'd

With earth, and for man's ease nearer joyn'd.

Where thoughts, the stars of soul, we understand,

We guess not their large natures, but command; 100

And love in you that bounty is of light,

That gives to all, and yet hath infinite;

Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,

But soul we find too earthly to ascend,

Till slow access hath made it wholly pure, 105

Able immortal clearness to endure.

Who dare aspire this journey with a stain,

Hath weight will force him headlong back again.

No more can impure man retain and move

In that pure region of a worthy love, 110

Than earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,

And leave his nature to converse with fire.

Such may have eye and hand, may sigh, may speak,

But like swollen bubbles, when they're high't they

Tho' far removed northern isles scarce find [break.

The sun's comfort, yet some think him too kind. 116

There is an equal distance from her eye;

Men perish too far off, and burn too nigh.

But as air takes the sun-beams equal bright

From the rays first to his last opposite, 120

So happy man, blest with a virtuous love,
 Remote or near, or howsoe'er they move,
 'Their virtue breaks all clouds that might annoy;
 There is no emptiness, but all is joy.
 He much profanes (whom valiant heats do move)
 'To stile his wand'ring rage of passion Love. 126
 Love, that imports in every thing delight,
 Is fancied by the soul, not appetite;
 Why love among the virtues is not known
 Is, that love is them all contract in one. 130

TO MR. J. W.

ALL hail, sweet Poet! and full of more strong fire
 Than hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit,
 I lov'd what Nature gave thee, but thy merit
 Of wit and art I love not but admire.
 Who have before or shall write after thee, 5
 Their works, tho' toughly laboured, will be
 Like infancy or age to man's firm stay,
 Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be
 Which be envy'd than pitied; therefore I, 10
 Because I with the best, do thee envy.
 O! wouldst thou by like reason pity me,
 But care not for me, I, that ever was
 In Nature's and in Fortune's gifts, alas!

(But for thy grace got in the Muse's school) 15
A monster and a beggar, am a fool.

Oh! how I grieve that late-born modesty
Hath got such root in easie waxen hearts,
That men may not themselves their own good parts
Extol without suspect of surquedry: 20
For but thyself no subject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
Thy worth but thine. How good it were to see
A poem in thy praise, and writ by thee!

Now if this song be too harsh for rhyme, yet as 25
The painter's bad god made a good devil,
It will be good prose, altho' the verse be evil.
If thou forget the rhyme as thou dost pass,
Then write, that I may follow, and so be
Thy echo, thy debtor, thy foyle, thy zancee. 30
I shall be thought (if mine like thine I shape)
All the world's lyon, tho' I be thy ape. 32

TO MR. T. W.

HASTE thee, harsh Verse! as fast as thy lame measure
Will give thee leave, to him; my pain and pleasure
I've given thee, and yet thou art too weak,
Feet and a reasoning soul, and tongue to speak.
Tell him all questions which men have defended 5
Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended;

O ij

And 't is decreed our hell is but privation
 Of him, at least in this earth's habitation;
 And 't is where I am, where in every street
 Infections follow, overtake, and meet. 10
 Live I or dye, by you my love is sent;
 You are my pawns, or else my testament. 12

TO MR. T. W.

PREGNANT again with th' old twins, Hope and Fear,
 Oft' have I askt for thee, both how and where
 Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were;

As in our streets fly beggars narrowly
 Watch motions of the giver's hand or eye, 5
 And ever more conceive some hope thereby.

And now thy alms is giv'n, the letter's read,
 The body risen again the which was dead,
 And thy poor starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my soul doth say grace, 10
 And praise thee for 't, and zealously embrace
 Thy love; tho' I think thy love in this case
 To be as gluttons, which say, amidst their meat,
 They love that best of which they most do eat. 14

INCERTO.

AT once from hence my lines and I depart,
 I to my soft still walks, they to my heart;
 I to the nurse, they to the child of Art.

Yet as a firm house, tho' the carpenter
 Perish, doth stand; as an ambassador
 Lies safe, howe'er his king be in danger;

So, tho' I languish, prest with melancholy,
 My verse, the strict map of my misery,
 Shall live to see that for whose want I dye.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent
 That from unhappy me things happy' are sent:
 Yet as a picture or bare sacrament
 Accept these lines, and if in them there be
 Merit of love, bestow that love on me.

TO MR. C. B.

THY friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,
 Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
 Thee and the faint of his affection
 Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain;
 And let the love I bear to both sustain

No blot nor maim by this division ;
 Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
 And strong that love purfu'd with amorous pain:
 But tho' besides myself I leave behind,
 Heav'n's liberal and the thrice fair sun, 10
 Going to where starv'd winter aye doth won,
 Yet love's hot fires, which martyr my sad mind,
 Do send forth scalding sighs, which have the art
 'To melt all ice but that which walls her heart. 14

TO MR. S. B.

O THOU! which to search out the secret parts
 Of th' India, or rather Paradise
 Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice
 Lately launch'd into the vast sea of arts,
 Disdain not in thy constant travelling 5
 To do as other voyagers, and make
 Some turns into less creeks, and wisely take
 Fresh water at the Heliconian spring.
 I sing not Siren-like to tempt, for I
 Am harsh; nor as those schismatiques with you, 10
 Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
 But seeing in you bright sparks of poetry,
 I, tho' I brought no fuel, had desire
 With these articulate blasts to blow the fire. 14

TO MR. B. B.

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
Yet satisfy'd? is not thy brain's rich hive
Full fill'd with honey, which thou dost derive
From the arts' spirits and their quintessence?
Then wean thyself at last, and thee withdraw 3
From Cambridge, thy old nurse; and as the rest
Here toughly chew and sturdily digest
Th' immense vast volumes of our Common Law;
And begin soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
Which is that that which I should have begun 10
In my youth's morning, now late must be done;
And I, as giddy travellers must do,
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
Light and strength, dark and tir'd must then ride post.

If thou unto thy Muse be married, 15
Embrace her ever, ever multiply;
Be far from me that strange adultery
To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood.
My nurse, (for I had one) because I'm cold,
Divorc'd herself; the cause being in me, 20
That I can take no new in bigamy;
Not my will only, but pow'r, doth withhold:
Hence comes it that these rhymes, which never had

Mother, want matter; and they only have
 A little form, the which their father gave: 25
 They are prophane, imperfect, oh! too bad
 To be counted children of Poetry,
 Except confirm'd and bishopped by thee: 28

TO MR. R. W.

IF, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
 Seem, when thou read'st these lines, to dream of me:
 Never did Morpheus nor his brother wear
 Shapes so like those shapes whom they would appear,
 As this my letter is like me, for it 5
 Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind, and
 It is my Deed of Gift of me to thee; [wit;
 It is my will, myself the legacy:
 So thy retirings I love, yea envy,
 Bred in thee by a wise melancholy; 10
 That I rejoyce that unto where thou art,
 Tho' I stay here, I can thus send my heart,
 As kindly as any enamour'd patient
 His picture to his absent love hath sent.
 All news I think sooner reach thee than me; 15
 Havens are heav'ns, and ships wing'd angels be,
 The which both gospel and stern threat'nings bring;
 Guiana's harvest is nipt in the spring,
 I fear; and with us (methinks) Fate deals so,
 As with the Jews' guide God did; he did show 20

Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in :
 Our slowness is our punishment and sin.
 Perchance, these Spanish bus'nesses being done,
 Which as the earth between the moon and sun
 Eclipse the light which Guiana would give, 25
 Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve;
 But if (as all th' all must) hopes smother away,
 Is not almighty Virtue an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
 Something to answer in some proportion 30
 All the world's riches; and in good men this
 Virtue our form's form, and our soul's soul is. 32

TO MR. J. L.

Of that short roll of friends writ in my heart,
 Which with thy name begins, since their depart,
 Whether in th' English provinces they be,
 Or drink of Po, Sequan, or Danuby,
 There's none that sometimes greets us not; and yet
 Your Trent is Lethe', that past us you forget.
 You do not duties of societies,
 If from th' embrace of a lov'd wife you rise, [fields,
 View your fat beasts, stretched barns, and labour'd
 Eat, play, ride, take all joys, which all day yields, 10
 And then again to your imbracements go;
 Some hours on us your friends, and some bestow
 Upon your Muse; else both we shall repent,
 I that my love, she that her gifts, on you are spent. 14

TO MR. J. P.

BLEST are your north parts, for all this long time
 My sun is with you cold and dark 's our clime.
 Heav'n's sun, which stay'd so long from us this year,
 Stay'd in your north, (I think) for she was there,
 And hither, by kind Nature drawn from thence, 5
 Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence;
 Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
 Think this no south, no summer, nor no day.
 With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
 There sacrifice it to that beauteous sun; 10
 So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
 As suddenly as lard, fat thy lean beasts;
 So may thy woods, oft' poll'd, yet ever wear
 A green and (when she list) a golden hair;
 So may all thy sheep bring forth twins; and so 15
 In chafe and race may thy horse all out-go;
 So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold,
 Thy son ne'er ward, thy lov'd wife ne'er seem old;
 But may'st thou wish great things, and them attain,
 As thou tell'st her, and none but her, my pain. 20

TO MRS. M. H.

MAD Paper! stay, and grudge not here to burn
 With all those sons whom thy brain did create;
 At least lie hid with me till thou return
 To rags again, which is thy native state.

What tho' thou have enough unworthiness 5
To come unto great place as others do?
That's much, emboldens, pulls, thrusts, I confess;
But 't is not all; thou shouldst be wicked too.

And that thou canst not learn, or not of me,
Yet thou wilt go; go, since thou goest to her 10
Who lacks but faults to be a prince, for she
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye,
Which equally claims love and reverence,
Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die, 15
And having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand (which is
A miracle, and made such, to work more)
Doth touch thee, (sapless leaf!) thou grow'st by this
Her creature, glorify'd more than before. 20

Then as a mother, which delights to hear
Her early child mis-speak half-utter'd words,
Or because Majesty doth never fear
Ill or bold speech, she audience affords.

And then, cold speechless wretch! thou diest again,
And wisely; what discourse is left for thee? 25
From speech of ill and her thou must abstain,
And is there any good which is not she?

Yet may'st thou praise her servants, tho' not her,
 And Wit, and Virtue, and Honour, her attend; 30
 And since they're but her cloaths, thou shalt not err
 If thou her shape, and beauty, and grace, commend.

Who knows thy destiny? when thou hast done,
 Perchance her cabinet may harbour thee,
 Whither all noble ambitious wits do run, 35
 A nest almost as full of good as she.

When thou art there, if any whom we know
 Were fav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
 When she revolves his papers, mark what show
 Of favour she alone to them doth make. 40

Mark if, to get them, she o'erstep the rest;
 Mark if she read them twice, or kiss the name;
 Mark if she do the same that they protest;
 Mark if she mark whither her woman came:

Mark if slight things be' objected and o'erblown; 45
 Mark if her oaths against him be not still
 Reserv'd, and that she grieve she's not her own,
 And chides the doctrine that denies freewill.

I bid thee not do this to be my spie,
 Nor to make myself her familiar; 50
 But so much I do love her choice, that I
 Would fain love him that shall be lov'd of her. 52

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TO E. OF D.

WITH SIX HOLY SONNETS.

SEE, Sir, how as the sun's hot masculine flame
 Begets strange creatures on Nile's dirty slime,
 In me your fatherly yet lusty rhyme [same;
 (For these Songs are their fruits) have wrought the
 But tho' th' engend'ring force from whence they came
 Be strong enough, and Nature doth admit 6
 Sev'n to be born at once, I fend as yet
 But six; they say the seventh hath still some maim:
 I chuse your judgment, which the same degree
 Doth with her sister, your invention, hold, 10
 As fire these drossy rhymes to purify,
 Or as elixir to change them to gold.
 You are that alchymist which always had
 Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

SIR H. WOTTON AND MR. DONNE.

If her disdain least change in you can move,
 You do not love;
 For when that hope gives fuel to the fire,
 You sell desire.
 Love is not love but given free;
 And so is mine, so should your's be.

Volume III.

P

Her heart, that melts to hear of others' moan,
To mine is stone;

Her eyes, that weep a stranger's eyes to see,
Joy to wound me:

10

Yet I so well affect each part,

As (caus'd by them) I love my smart.

Say her disdainings justly must be grac'd
With name of chaste;

And that she frowns, lest longing should exceed, 15

And raging breed;

So her disdains can ne'er offend,

Unless self-love take private end.

'Tis love breeds love in me, and cold disdain
Kills that again;

20

As water causeth fire to fret and fume

'Till all consume.

Who can of love more rich gift make,

'Than to Love's self for Love's own sake?

I'll never dig in quarry of an heart

25

To have no part;

Nor roast in fiery eyes, which always are
Canicular.

Who this way would a lover prove,

May shew his patience, not his love,

30

A frown may be sometimes for phyfic good,
 But not for food;
 And for that raging humour there is sure
 A gentler cure.
 Why bar you love of private end,
 Which never should to publique tend?

36

A LETTER TO THE LADY CAREY

AND MRS. ESSEX RICHE,

FROM AMYENS.

MADAM,

HERE, where by all all faints invoked are,
 It were too much schism to be singular,
 And 'gainst a practice general to war.

Yet turning to faints, should my humility
 To other faint than you directed be,
 That were to make my schism heresie.

Nor would I be a convertite so cold
 As not to tell it : if this be too bold,
 Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.

Where, because faith is in too low degree,
 I thought it some apostleship in me
 To speak things which by faith alone I see ;

P ij

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown or spent;
They're your materials, not your ornament. 15

Others, whom we call virtuous, are not so
In their whole substance; but their virtues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when, thro' tasteless flat humility,
In dough-bak'd men some harmlessness we see, 20
'Tis but his flegm that's virtuous, and not he:

So is the blood sometimes. Who ever ran
'To danger unimportun'd, he was then
No better than a sanguine-virtuous man.

So cloyster'd men, who, in pretence of fear, 25
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have virtue in melancholy, and only there.

Spiritual cholerique critiques, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, thro' this zeal, virtue but in their gall. 30

We're thus but parcel gilt; to gold we're grown,
When virtue is our soul's complexion;
Who knows his virtue's name or place hath none.

Virtue's but aguish, when 't is feveral,
 By occasion wak'd and circumstantial; 35
 True virtue's soul always in all deeds all.

This virtue thinking to give dignity
 To your soul, found there no infirmity;
 For your soul was as good virtue as she.

She therefore wrought upon that part of you 40
 Which is scarce less than soul, as she could do,
 And so hath made your beauty virtue too,

Hence comes it that your beauty wounds not hearts,
 As others, with prophane and sensual darts,
 But, as an influence, virtuous thoughts imparts. 45

But if such friends by th' honour of your sight
 Grow capable of this so great a light,
 As to partake your virtues and their might,

What must I think that influence must do
 Where it finds sympathy and matter too, 50
 Virtue and beauty, of the same stuff as you?

Which is your noble worthy sister; she
 Of whom, if what in this my ecstasie
 And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short galleries 35
 The master at the end large glasses ties,
 So to present the room twice to our eyes;

So I should give this letter length, and say
 That which I said of you: there is no way
 From either, but to th' other not to stray. 60

May therefore this be' enough to testify
 My true devotion, free from flattery.
 He that believes himself doth never lie. 63

T O

THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

AUGUST, 1614.

FAIR, great, and good! since seeing you we see
 What Heav'n can do, what any earth can be;
 Since now your beauty shines, now when the sun,
 Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
 That his dishevell'd beams and scatter'd fires 5
 Serve but for ladies' periwigs and tyres
 In lovers' sonnets; you come to repair
 God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
 Since now, when all is wither'd, shrunk, and dry'd,
 All virtues ebb'd out to a dead low tide, 10
 All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
 Where ev'ry man thinks by himself to stand,

Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
 (Cements of greatness) being vapour'd hence,
 And narrow man being fill'd with little shares, 15
 Courts, city, church, are all shops of small wares,
 All having blown to sparks their noble fire,
 And drawn their sound gold ingot into wyre;
 All trying, by a love of littleness,
 To make abridgments and to draw to less, 20
 Even that nothing which at first we were:
 Since in these times your greatness doth appear,
 And that we learn by it that man to get
 Towards him that's infinite must first be great:
 Since in an age so ill, as none is fit 25
 So much as to accuse, much less mend it,
 (For who can judge or witness of those times
 Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
 Where he that would be good is thought by all
 A monster, or at best phantastical: 30
 Since now you durst be good, and that I do
 Discern, by daring to contemplate you,
 That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
 Thro' your light, largeness, virtue understood:
 If in this sacrifice of mine be shown 35
 Any small spark of these, call it your own;
 And if things like these have been said by me
 Of others, call not that idolatry;
 For had God made man first, and man had seen
 The third day's fruits and flowers, and various green,

He might have said the best that he could say 41
 Of those fair creatures which were made that day;
 And when next day he had admir'd the birth
 Of sun, moon, stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,
 He might have said the best that he could say, 45
 And not be chid for praising yesterday :
 So tho' some things are not together true,
 As that another's worthiest, and that you;
 Yet to say so doth not condemn a man
 If, when he spoke them, they were both true then.
 How fair a proof of this in our soul grows? 51
 We first have souls of growth and sense; and those,
 When our last soul, our soul immortal, came,
 Were swallow'd into it, and have no name :
 Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast 55
 The power and praise of both them on the last :
 No more do I wrong any if I adore
 The same things now which I ador'd before,
 The subject chang'd, and measure. The same thing
 In a low constable and in the king 60
 I reverence, his power to work on me ;
 So did I humbly reverence each degree
 Of fair, great, good; but more, now I am come
 From having found their walks to find their home :
 And as I owe my first soul's thanks, that they 65
 For my last soul did fit and mould my clay ;
 So am I debtor unto them whose worth
 Enabled me to profit, and take forth

This new great lesson, thus to study you,
 Which none, not reading others first, could do. 70
 Nor lack I light to read this book, tho' I
 In a dark cave, yea, in a grave, do lie;
 For as your fellow-angels, so you do
 Illustrate them who come to study you.
 The first whom we in histories do find 75
 To have profess'd all arts was one born blind;
 He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as we,
 Not those by which angels are seen and see;
 So, tho' I'm born without those eyes to live,
 Which Fortune, who hath none herself, doth give,
 Which are fit means to see bright courts and you, 81
 Yet may I see you thus as now I do;
 I shall by that all goodhearts have discern'd,
 And tho' I burn my library be learn'd. 84

SAPPHO TO PHILÆNIS.

WHERE is that holy fire which verse is said
 To have? is that enchanting force decay'd?
 Verse, that draws Nature's works from Nature's law,
 Thee, her best work, to her work cannot draw.
 Have my tears quench'd my old poetique fire? 5
 Why quench'd they not as well that of desire?
 Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee,
 But I, their maker, want their liberty;

Only thine image in my heart doth sit,
 But that is wax, and fires environ it. 10
 My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence,
 And I am robb'd of picture, heart, and sense.
 Dwells with me still mine irksome memory,
 Which both to keep and lose grieves equally.
 That tells how fair thou art : thou art so fair 15
 As gods, when gods to thee I do compare,
 Are grac'd thereby, and to make blind men see
 What things gods are, I say they're like to thee :
 For if we justly call each silly man
 A little world, what shall we call thee then ? 20
 Thou art not soft, and clear, and straight, and fair,
 As downe, as stars, cedars, and lilies, are;
 But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
 Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
 Such was my Phao a while, but shall be never 25
 As thou wast, art, and, oh ! may'st thou be ever !
 Here lovers swear in their idolatry
 That I am such, but grief discolours me ;
 And yet I grieve the less, lest grief remove
 My beauty, and make m' unworthy of thy love. 30
 Plays some soft boy with thee ? oh ! there wants yet
 A mutual feeling which should sweeten it.
 His chin, a thorny hairy unevenness,
 Doth threaten, and some daily change possess.
 Thy body is a natural Paradise, 35
 In whose self, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,

Nor needs perfection ; why shouldst thou then
Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man ?
Men leave behind them that which their sin shows,
And are as thieves trac'd, which rob when it snows ;
But of our dalliance no more signs there are 41
Than fishes leave in streams, or birds in air ;
And between us all sweetness may be had ;
All, all that Nature yields, or Art can add.
My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two, 45
But so as thine from one another do :
And, oh ! no more ; the likeness being such,
Why should they not alike in all parts touch ?
Hand to strange hand, lip to lip none denies ;
Why should they breast to breast, or thighs to thighs ?
Likeness begets such strange self-flattery, 51
That touching myself all seems done to thee.
Myself I embrace, and mine own hands I kiss,
And amorously thank myself for this.
Me in my glass I call thee ; but, alas ! 55
When I would kiss, tears dim mine eyes and glass.
O ! cure this loving madness, and restore
Me to me ; thee my half, my all, my more :
So may thy cheek's red outwear scarlet dy,
And their white whiteness of the Galaxy : 60
So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
Envy in all women, and in all men love ;
And so be change and sickness far from thee,
As thou, by coming near, keep'st them from me. 64

TO BEN. JOHNSON.

JAN. 6. 1603.

THE state and men's affairs are the best plays
 Next your's : 't is not more nor less than due praise,
 Write, but touch not the much-descending race
 Of lords' houses, so settled in worth's place,
 As but themselves none think them usurpers ; 5
 It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.

If the Queen masque, or King a-hunting go,
 Tho' all the court follow, let them. We know
 Like them in goodness that court ne'er will be,
 For that were virtue, and not flatterie. 10
 Forget we were thrust out. It is but thus
 God threatens kings, kings lords, as lords do us.
 Judge of strangers, trust and believe your friend,
 And so me ; and when I true friendship end,
 With guilty conscience let me be worse stung 15
 Than with Popham's sentence thieves, or Cook's
 tongue

Traitors are. Friends are ourselves. 'This I thee tell
 As to my friend, and myself as counsel.
 Let for a while the time's unthrifty rout
 Contemn learning, and all your studies flout : 20
 Let them scorn hell, they will a serjeant fear
 Mere than we them, that ere long God may forbear,

But creditors will not. Let them increase
 In riot and excess as their means cease :
 Let them scorn him that made them, and still shun
 His grace, but love the whore who hath undone 26
 Them and their souls. But that they that allow
 But one God, should have religions enow
 For the Queen's masque, and their husbands for more
 Than all the Gentiles knew or Atlas bore. 30
 Well, let all pass, and trust him who nor cracks
 The bruised reed, nor quencheth smoaking flax. 32

TO BEN. JOHNSON.

9 NOVEMBERIS, 1603.

IF great men wrong me I will spare myself;
 If mean, I will spare them. I know the self
 Which is ill got the owner doth upbraid :
 It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid
 And a jury ; but 't will revenge in this, 5
 That tho' himself be judge he guilty is.
 What care I tho' of weakness men tax me ?
 I'd rather sufferer than doer be :
 That I did trust it was my nature's praise,
 For breach of word I knew but as a phrase. 10
 That judgment is that surely can comprise
 The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
 What tho' ? tho' less, yet some of both have we
 Who have learn'd it by use and misery.

Volume III.

Q

Poor I! whom every petty cross doth trouble, 13
 Who apprehend each hurt that's done me double,
 Am of this (tho' it should sink me) careless;
 It would but force me t' a stricter goodness.
 They have great gain of me who gain do win
 (If such gain be not loss) from every sin. 20
 The standing of great men's lives would afford
 A pretty sum, if God would sell his Word.
 He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too.
 How unlike they are that they're likened to?
 Yet I conclude they are amidst my evils;
 If good like gods; the naught are so like devils. 26

Amicissimo et meritissimo

BENJ. JOHNSON.

IN VOLPONEM.

Quod arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
 Si auderent hominum Deique juris
 Consulti veteres sequi æmularierque,
 O omnes saperemus ad salutem.
 His sed sunt veteres araneosi;
 Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu,
 Illos quod sequeris, novator audis.
 Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ
 Libri canitie induantur horâ:
 Nam chartis pueritia est neganda; 10

Nascanturque fenes, oportet, illi
 Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.
 Priscis ingenium facit laborque
 Te parem; hos superes, ut et futuros:
 Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,
 Qua priscos superamus et futuros.

16

TO SIR THO. ROWE, 1603.

DEAR TOM,

TELL her, if she to hired servants shew
 Dislike, before they take their leave they go;
 When nobler spirits start at no disgrace,
 For who hath but one mind hath but one face.
 If then why I take not my leave she ask,
 Ask her again why she did not unmask?
 Was she or proud or cruel? or knew she
 It would make my loss more felt, and pity'd me?
 Or did she fear one kiss might stay for me?
 Or else was she unwilling I should go?
 I think the best, and love so faithfully,
 I cannot chuse but think that she loves me.
 If this prove not my faith, then let her try
 How in her service I would fructify.
 Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
 That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true;

10

15

Qij

Then he whose wit and verse grows now so lame,
 With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.
 Howe'er, I'll wear the black and white ribband;
 White for her fortunes, black for mine, shall stand.
 I do esteem her favour, not the stuff; 21
 If what I have was given, I've enough,
 And all's well; for had she lov'd, I had not had
 All my friends' hate; for now departing sad
 I feel not that; yet as the rack the gout 25
 Cures, so hath this worse grief that quite put out:
 My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
 Which (I dare forefay) nothing cures but death.
 Tell her all this before I am forgot,
 That not too late she grieve she lov'd me not. 30
 Burdened with this, I was to depart less
 Willing than those which die and not confess. 32

*De Libro cum mutaretur, Impresso, Domi à pueris frustra-
 tim lacerato, et post reddito Manuscripto.*

Doctissimo Amicissimoque Viro D. D. ANDREWS.

PARTURIUNT madido quæ nixu præla, recepta;
 Sed quæ scripta manu sunt, veneranda magis.
 Transiit in Sequanam Mœnus: victoris in ædes,
 Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat.
 Qui liber in pluteos blattis cinerique relictos, 5
 Si modo sit præli sanguine tinctus, abit,

Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involat et veterum scrinia summa patrum.

Dicat Apollo modum; pueros infundere libro

Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo. 10

Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos

Hæc nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.

Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon

Ipse Pater Juvenem me dabit arte senem?

Hei miseris senibus! nos vertit dura senectus 15

Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Juvenem.

Hoc tibi servasti præstandum, Antique Dierum,

Quo viso, et vivit, et juvenescit Adam.

Interea, infirmæ fallamus tædia vitæ,

Libris, et Cælorum æmulâ amicitia. 20

Hos inter, qui à te mihi redditus iste libellus,

Non mihi tam charus, tam meus antè fuit. 22

TO MR. TILMAN,

AFTER HE HAD TAKEN ORDERS.

THOU, whose diviner soul hath caus'd thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy plough,

Making lay-scornings of the ministry

Not an impediment, but victory;

What bring'st thou home with thee? how is thy mind

Affected since the vintage? dost thou find 6

New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and, as steel

Tought with a loadstone, dost new motions feel?

Q iij

Or as a ship, after much pain and care,
For iron and cloth brings home rich Indian ware? 10
Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with far more gain
Of noble goods, and with less time and pain?
Thou art the same materials as before,
Only the stamp is changed, but no more.
And as new-crowned kings alter the face, 15
But not the money's substance, so hath grace
Chang'd only God's old image by creation
To Christ's new stamp, at this thy coronation;
Or as we paint angels with wings, because
They bear God's message, and proclaim his laws: 20
Since thou must do the like, and so must move,
Art thou new-feather'd with celestial love?
Dear! tell me where thy purchase lies, and show
What thy advantage is above below:
But if thy gainings do surmount expression, 25
Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession
Whose joys pass speech? why do they think unfit
That gentry should joyn families with it?
As if their day were only to be spent
In dressing, mistreッシング, and compliment. 30
Alas! poor joys, but poorer men, whose trust
Seems richly placed in sublimed dust!
(For such are cloaths and beauty, which, tho' gay,
Are at the best but of sublimed clay)
Let then the world thy calling disrespect, 35
But go thou on, and pity their neglect.

What function is so noble as to be
Embassadour to God and Destiny?
To open life, to give kingdoms to more
Than kings give dignities; to keep heav'n's door? 40
Mary's prerogative was to bear Christ; so
'Tis preachers' to convey him, for they do,
As angels out of clouds, from pulpits speak,
And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak.
If then th' astronomers, whereas they spy 45
A new-found star, their opticks magnifie,
How brave are those who with their engine can
Bring man to heav'n, and heav'n again to man?
These are thy titles and pre-eminences,
In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences; 50
And so the heav'ns, which beget all things here,
And th' earth, our mother, which these things doth
Both these in thee are in thy calling knit, [bear,
And make thee now a blest hermaphrodite. 54

MR. THO. CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

O H ! to what height will love of greatness drive
 Thy learned spirit, sesqui-superlative ?
 Venice' vast lake thou hast seen, and wouldst seek then
 Some vaster thing, and foundst a courtezan.
 That inland sea having discovered well 5
 A cellar-gulf, where one might sail to hell
 From Heydelberg, thou long'st to see ; and thou
 'This book, greater than all, producest now.
 Infinite work ! which doth so far extend,
 'That none can study it to any end. 10
 'Tis no one thing ; it is not fruit nor root,
 Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
 If man be therefore man, because he can
 Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
 One half being made, thy modesty was such, 15
 That thou on th' other half wouldst never touch.
 When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique !
 Not till thou' exceed the world ? Canst thou be like
 A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes grows
 To be far greater than the mother nose ? 20
 Go, then ; and as to thee, when thou didst go,
 Munster did towns, and Gesner authors, show ;
 Mount now to Gallo-Belgicus ; appear
 As deep a statesman as a garretteer.

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Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back, 25

Talk of Will. Conquerour and Prester Jack.

Go, bashful man! lest here thou blush to look

Upon the progress of thy glorious book,

To which both Indies sacrifices send;

The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend, 30

Meaning to see 't no more upon the press;

The East sends hither her deliciousness;

And thy leaves must embrace what comes from hence,

The myrrhe, the pepper, and the frankincense.

This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoop 35

To neighbour wares, when merchants do unhoop

Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then

Convey these wares in parcels unto men;

If for vast tuns of currants and of figs,

Of med'cinal and aromatique twigs, 40

Thy leaves a better method do provide,

Divide to pounds, and ounces subdivide.

If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,

Home-manufactures to thick popular fairs;

If omni-pregnant there; upon warm stalls 45

They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls,

Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,

That they all kind of matter comprehend.

Thus thou, by means which th' Ancients never took,

A pandect mak'st and universal book. 50

The bravest heroes for their countrey's good,

Scatter'd in diverse lands their limbs and blood;

Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
 Do public good cut in anatomies;
 So will thy book in pieces for a lord 55
 Which casts at Portescue's, and all the board
 Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
 For friends to pass time and keep company.
 Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
 Measures, and fill out for the half-pint wit. 60
 Some shall wrap pills, and save a friend's life so;
 Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
 'Thou shalt not ease the criticks of next age
 So much, as once their hunger to assuage;
 Nor shall wit-pirats hope to find thee lye 65
 All in one bottom in one library.
 Some leaves may paste strings there in other books,
 And so one may, which on another looks,
 Pilfer, alas! a little wit from you,
 But hardly much; and yet I think this true. 70
 As Sibyl's was, your book is mystical,
 For every piece is as much worth as all:
 Therefore mine impotency I confess,
 The healths which my brain bears must be far less:
 Thy gyant-wit o'erthrows me; I am gone;
 And rather than read all I would read none. 76



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